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THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Monthly Publication of the Relief Society of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

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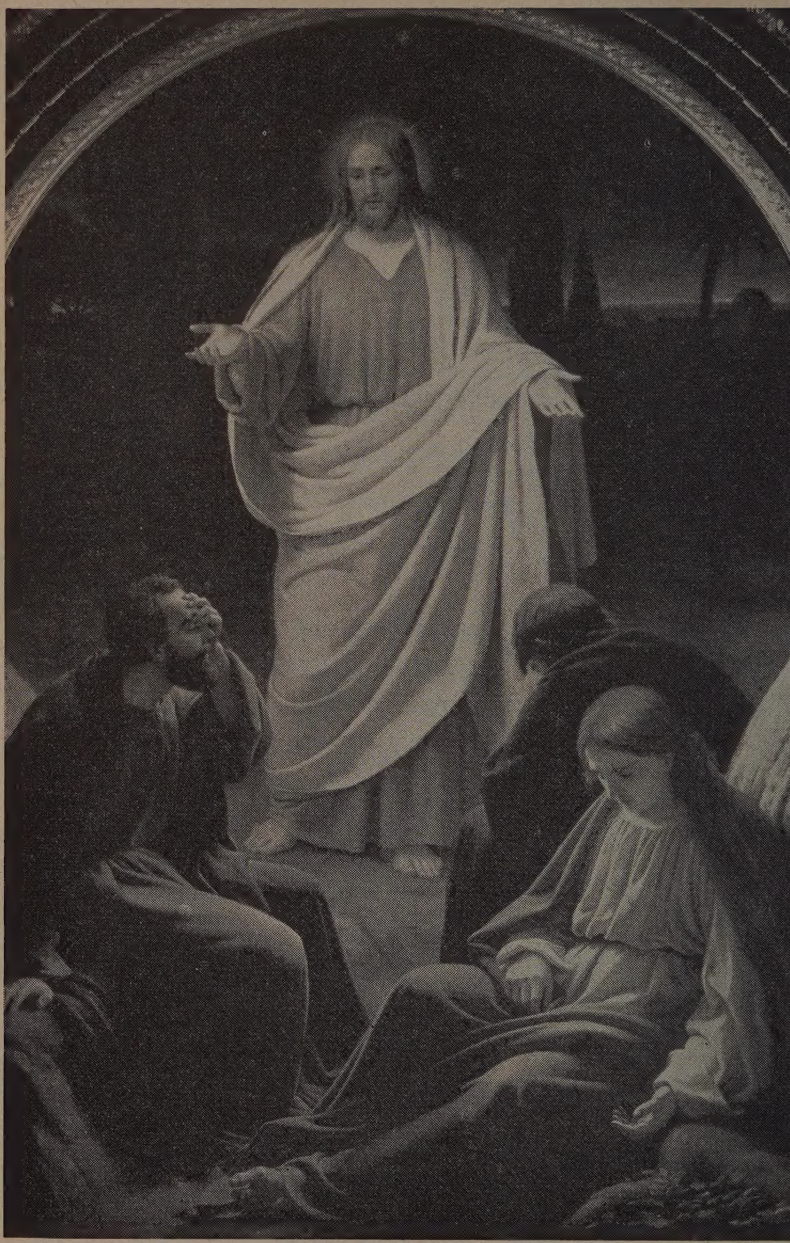


Camera Clix, New York

CHRIST IN GETHSEMANE
From a Painting by Thomas Wegener

THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

VOL. 39, NO. 4 APRIL 1952

Concerto

Eva Willes Wangsgaard

Across the centuries soft music sings
In names like *Bethlehem* and *Galilee.*
The Mount of Olives stirs deep wonderings
While psalms of grief run through *Gethsemane.*
And *Calvary* can bring a sudden chill
To pierce the warmth of summer with a cross,
While tree which shared one sad day's penal hill
Can stir compassion for all human loss.
And who can say the name *Capernaum*
And not see all the blest go singing by?
Or *Pilate* and not hear the rising hum
Of anger mount to screams of "Crucify!"?
And who can say "Arisen" and not greet
The paean sung by Mary's running feet?

The Cover: Apple Orchard in Montana, Photograph by Ernest Briscoe
Cover Design by Evan Jensen

The Women and the Resurrection

Elder Matthew Cowley
Of the Council of the Twelve

IT is recorded that following the resurrection of the Redeemer of mankind there were many unto whom he appeared and who beheld him as an immortal soul possessed of flesh and bone.

He walked and talked with two of his disciples as they journeyed toward Emmaus, but as they walked together he withheld his identity. At the end of the day's journey he brake and blessed bread for them and "their eyes were opened, and they knew him." He appeared unto Peter who but a few short days before had denied him three times. At Jerusalem, at the Sea of Tiberias, and at the Mount of Olives, just prior to his ascension, he was seen by the apostles. He revealed himself as an immortal resurrected being to five hundred of the brethren at once. But the first witnesses of the most remarkable and miraculous event of all time were the women.

On another occasion during his mortal sojourn among men he had brought joy to the hearts of sorrowing women by restoring life to one who had died. Lazarus, whom Jesus loved, had died in Judaea and his sisters, Mary and Martha, were bowed down in grief. They had earnestly prayed, while their brother lay sorely afflicted, that their Lord would come and heal him. But four long days elapsed following the burial before the Master arrived. Martha, who first learned of his arrival at Bethany, went forth to meet him, and as she approached him, she said: "Lord, if thou hadst been here, my brother had not died."

Jesus then uttered words the meaning of which Martha did not fully understand. He said to her: "Thy brother shall rise again."

To these words which were intended to assuage her grief and bring ecstatic joy to her heart, Martha replied: "I know that he shall rise again in the resurrection at the last day."

In answer, Jesus spoke those words which have ever since carried comfort and hope to the hearts of every believer who has mourned the death of a loved one: "I am the resurrection, and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live."

It was to the woman that he addressed the words which could have been uttered only by a divine personage. This saying alone was sufficient to place upon Jesus the Redeemer the mark of divinity. No other religionist, philosopher, or teacher, whether living or dead, has even presumed to possess the supernatural power suggested by those memorable words.

Mary, who had been apprised of the arrival of the Master at Bethany, joined Martha, and with him they hurried to the place where the body of Lazarus lay. When the stone was taken away from the grave Jesus cried with a loud voice:

"Lazarus, come forth! And he that was dead came forth."

Here was witnessed by the women a miracle which was performed by one who had at his disposal the powers of an omnipotent being. Here was made manifest to them the power of the Redeemer to restore mortal life to the dead. But even greater and certainly more important than this miraculous manifestation which they beheld was the resurrection of the Son of God himself, which the women were to be the first to witness; the redemption of a personage from mortality to immortality. This was to be the resurrection of him who had the power not only to lay down his own life, but to take it up again.

TO his disciples who bore the Priesthood, and with whom he had been intimately associated in his ministry, he had foretold his death and predicted his resurrection, but they were not to experience the incidents of the last hours of his mortal sojourn upon the earth nor the earliest hours after he had risen from the tomb. They did not follow their Lord to Calvary's hill; they were not witnesses of his crucifixion; they were not near by at the scene of the burial; nor were they the first to look upon the risen Redeemer.

One of the chosen Twelve had betrayed him into the hands of his assassins. One had denied him thrice in his hour of trial, and the disciples had slept when he had urged them to watch while he prayed. On more than one occasion he had reprimanded them with these words: "O ye of little faith." There were other incidents which would indicate a wavering of devotion on the part of his brethren. There was never, on the other hand, time nor an occasion when the devotion of the women to the Savior could have been questioned. The constant affection, loyalty, and devotion of the Marys and the other women were evident under every condition. They were at his side when he labored up the hill to the place of crucifixion. They wept bitterly as they walked and, as he beheld their great sorrow, he spoke to them words which were to be among the last that he uttered. They were words of tenderness, yet words of ominous warning: "Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for me, but weep for yourselves, and for your children. For, behold, the days are coming, in the which they shall say, Blessed are the barren, and the wombs that never bare . . . . Then shall they begin to say to the mountains, Fall on us; and to the hills, Cover us. For if they do these things in a green tree, what shall be done in the dry?"

It was a prophetic warning to the women of the destructive forces which were approaching and which would lay low in sorrow and anguish those who had denied the Lord. They, the women, were at the foot of the cross and heard the promise he spoke to the penitent thief, "To day shalt thou be with me in paradise"—the promise that carries hope and salvation beyond the grave to the spirits who would believe and obey the gospel which he would take to them during the interval between his death and resurrection. They heard the

prayer to his Father for mercy to them who were nailing him to the cross: "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do." They were beholding him when he looked down, with a tenderness and love that could never die, at her who was his mother. They, no doubt, listened to catch the words he spoke to her. Words which would reveal his anxiety for her future security.

To the grief-stricken mother he said: "Woman, behold thy son." And to John the beloved they heard him give this gentle command "Behold thy mother!" John immediately grasped the meaning of the words—that he was to care for the mother—for the record states: "And from that hour that disciple took her unto his own home."

Following the departure of the mother with John, the other women continued at the place of crucifixion until they heard from the lips of their Lord the final cry of victory: "It is finished" and the last mortal prayer to his God: "Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit."

Notwithstanding the heartbreaking experience of witnessing the crucifixion and death of the Master, the women could not depart from following after him, and they watched from a short distance the burial of the body in the sepulchre of Joseph of Arimathaea.

ON the third day following the entombment they were the first to discover the empty grave. They had gone early in the day to the tomb prepared to anoint the body with spices and ointment they had prepared before at the time of the burial. As they approached the tomb they were met by an angel who announced to them the glorious fact of the resurrection. "Fear not ye:" he said unto them, "for I know that ye seek Jesus, which was crucified, he is not here: for he is risen, as he said. Come, see the place where the Lord lay."

After looking into the deserted sepulchre, the women were then commissioned by the angel to be the first to carry the message of the resurrection to the disciples: "And go quickly, and tell his disciples that he is risen from the dead; and, behold, he goeth before you into Galilee; there shall ye see him."

Mary of Magdala was so bowed down with sorrow upon seeing the empty grave that she did not hear all that the angel had said. She hastened to the disciples "And saith unto them, They have taken away the Lord out of the sepulchre, and we know not where they have laid him."

Having reported that the body had been removed, she returned to the garden of his resting place. Here she was presently to be the most favored of women; she was to behold the immortal resurrected Son of God, her Lord and Master. As she looked again into the sepulchre where she had but a few hours since beheld the lifeless body, she saw "two angels in white sitting, the one at the head, and the other at the feet, where the body of Jesus had lain. And they say unto her, Woman, why weepest thou?"

And the woman answered: "Because they have taken away my

Lord, and I know not where they have laid him."

Then, turning back away from the sepulchre, there stood before her one whom she did not immediately recognize. It was the Lord whom she had been seeking. It was he who had risen from the dead.

"Jesus saith unto her, Woman, why weepest thou? whom seekest thou? She, supposing him to be the gardener, saith unto him, Sir, if thou have borne him hence, tell me where thou hast laid him, and I will take him away."

Jesus then spoke to her but one word—and the tenderness with which the word was uttered revealed to her his identity. He walked and talked with two of his disciples during a day's journey to Emmaus not long after the resurrection, but his identity was withheld from them. But only one word was spoken to the woman and she no longer supposed him to be the gardener. "Jesus saith unto her, Mary."

The burden of a saddened heart was lifted when she heard her name thus spoken. Many times before she had thus been addressed by her Lord, but never before had her name been spoken by immortal lips. It was a woman's name, not the name of a disciple, that the resurrected Son of God first uttered. To him Mary was the most favored of names. It was not only the name of the first woman to whom Christ spoke as the risen Lord. It was the name of the sainted mother who had given him birth; it was the name of the sister of Lazarus who had seen him restore life to her brother; it was the name of the mother of James and John; and many others whom he loved no doubt bore the name which he had spoken to the woman in the garden near the place of his burial.

As he uttered the name, Mary beheld that it was Jesus who had spoken, and she cried out to him: "Rabboni; which is to say, Master."

She was the first to behold the resurrected personage and she was the first to hear his voice, but she was not to be the first to touch him. "Jesus saith unto her, Touch me not; for I am not yet ascended to my Father."

As the women had been the first commissioned by the angel to announce the resurrection of Jesus to the disciples, so also it was a woman who was sent by the Lord himself to proclaim his ascension to his Father; "but go to my brethren, and say unto them, I ascend unto my Father, and your Father; and to my God, and your God."

He later was seen by other chosen women before he appeared to the Priesthood. As these other women were returning from the deserted sepulchre "Jesus met them, saying, All hail. And they came and held him by the feet, and worshipped him."

Mary Magdalene had been the first to look upon the Redeemer in his resurrected state, but her eager desire to embrace him was not to be fulfilled. It was the other women who later saw him who were granted the honored privilege of touching the body of the first soul who had conquered death and the grave.

THE memorable episodes of the early hours following upon his resurrection evidence the gracious and considerate appreciation displayed by the Lord for the steadfast devotion and enduring love of the women. Jesus easily restrained any impulse which may have beset him to appear first to his disciples as a resurrected personage, rather than to the women. Manifesting himself first to the women was a reward which they had well earned and of which they were indeed worthy. He loved the brethren of the Priesthood, but the faithful women were accorded priority in the beholding of the risen Redeemer.

Not she with trait'rous kiss her Savior stung,
Not she denied him with unholy tongue;
She, while apostles shrank, could danger brave,
Last at his cross, and earliest at his grave.
—Barrett

Christ's tribute to woman when he revealed himself to the women before he appeared to his chosen disciples, was second only to that of the Father when he selected a mortal woman to be the mother of his Only Begotten Son. No greater tributes than these have ever been paid to womankind.

Women who willingly give birth to the children of men do not question the fact of redemption from the dead. As they suffer the pain and processes of the creation and pulsations of the embryonic life within them, there comes to them a certain conviction that redemption from death can be no more miraculous than birth. They have an inward witness of the scientific truth that the matter and elements of life are indestructible. The tender love of a mother implants within her heart the certain knowledge that the life of her child whose body has been lowered into the grave has not been annihilated, and that the physical elements of the body which was formed within her may again be brought together and become a resurrected soul. This sublime faith of mothers in the fact of the resurrection shall not go unrewarded, and just as surely as the women whom Christ loved beheld his body which had risen from the tomb, so will all mothers at an appointed time look upon their children, who have been taken by death, as resurrected souls.

"For since by man came death, by man came also the resurrection of the dead. For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive. But every man in his own order: Christ the firstfruits; afterward they that are Christ's at his coming."

Return

Marian Schroder Crothers

All yesterday, spring tapped upon my windowpane,
With slender fingers, tipped with silver rain.
Today, although I did not heed her call,
Bright jonquils glow along my garden wall.

Elder Joseph F. Merrill

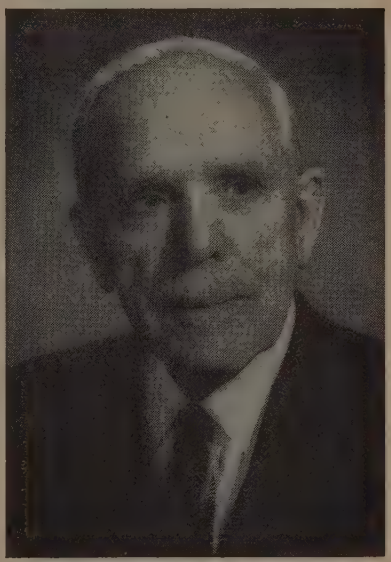
(August 24, 1868 - February 3, 1952)

Elder Ezra Taft Benson
Of the Council of the Twelve

"HE has fulfilled every call made upon him, never excusing, never shirking, never complaining. He has been a minute man in the service of the Lord . . ." so said the First Presidency, as they, with numerous others, paid high tribute to Elder Joseph F. Merrill, nationally known churchman, educator, and scientist. Coming from the valley of his boyhood, associating with him in the Quorum of Twelve, and sharing an outer office in the Church Office Building have brought a deep appreciation and love for this warm-hearted, generous servant of the Lord.

Through inheritance, experience, training, and practice, he developed those rugged qualities that make for sterling character. Born and reared on a farm, he was driving cows long distances to pasture at five years of age and later walked miles to school. When eleven he was water boy on a railroad construction gang. At thirteen he was doing a man's job driving teams. The habit of long days of toil acquired in his youth carried throughout his life as student, Ph. D., university dean, commissioner of education, mission president, and apostle of the Lord.

The first child of a pioneer mother and a distinguished father, twenty years older, he ever acknowledged the blessings of coming from "a good Latter-day Saint home." Here



ELDER JOSEPH F. MERRILL

he partook of a spirit of unity, love, and filial affection that formed a pattern for his own home with seven children.

As a boy in his home he learned well the lessons of industry, frugality, honesty, service, generosity, and faith in God and his purposes. A great advocate of secret and family prayer, he pointed with pride to his boyhood home where sometimes his father was too busy to eat his breakfast, but always had time for family devotion.

His insatiable desire for knowledge was in evidence when a child as he read aloud by candlelight from

The Book of Mormon while his mother performed the numerous household duties. In his love for truth he never temporized. This love for learning took him to four eastern universities for advanced work. His love of knowledge was a vital part of his very being, not only during the thirty-five years as a member of the faculty of the University of Utah, but every day of his long, progressive, and useful life. His family of children, all of whom have caught of this spirit, have all earned one or more college degrees.

Brother Merrill enjoyed athletic sports, but fought unflinchingly against gambling, liquor, tobacco, and other destructive vices. He was bold in denouncing evil and impatient with cheaters, spendthrifts, and the shiftless and idle.

He lived simply with no ostentation in home, food, or clothing. He persistently taught and practiced the basic principles of good health. It is said he never missed a day from the office because of illness. Frugal in his personal requirements and ever guarding Church funds, he gave generously of his means to loved ones, the Church, and to those in need. The latest evidence of this strong trait came as hundreds of his friends sat in the Benson Stake Tabernacle and received the sad news of his passing. There in the community of his birth, during the afternoon session of conference, as tribute was paid their beloved fellow-townsman and leader, evidence of his generosity was pointed to in the improved tabernacle in which we were meeting.

IN him there was no personal vanity. He loved the simple practical phases of the gospel. In his good-natured way, he would counsel the saints to "leave the mysteries alone." He loved life and believed "it is every man's duty to live as long as he can." Always optimistic and hopeful, he met every sorrow and disappointment uncomplainingly with buoyant recovery. He lived so that he had no fear of death. He was always prepared. His desire to die "in the harness" was granted after eighty-three years of fruitful activity and devotion.

It is with gratitude that we pay tribute to a great soul. His example has been an inspiration to young and old. He loved life and lived it richly. His greatest joy came not from college degrees or thirty years' listing in *Who's Who in America*, but in serving his fellow men by bearing testimony and presenting objective evidence of the existence of our Heavenly Father, the reality of the divine mission of the Lord and the fact that Joseph Smith is a prophet of God.

Truly it can be said of him, he fought the good fight, he finished his course, he kept the faith. His reward is sure. God bless his memory!

The Long Day

Maryhale Woolsey

WORRY about that day seemed to have been in Edie's heart even before she was awake. She felt it with her first drowsy stirring, when morning was a soft grayness at the windows, where the white lace curtains swayed like dim ghosts.

Coming awake in the strange bed, her outflung arm touched Vi'let-Doll's cold china face and her scratchy wool hair. Edie gathered the doll swiftly close to her, and cautiously untightened her eyes . . . .

Then she remembered. She was in Auntie Page's guest room, in the wonderful bed with the high, soft feather tick and fringed spread, with the furry white bearskin rug on the floor to step one's toes into. She was a guest. Auntie and Uncle Page's guest. Yesterday morning, being a guest had been important and exciting. But yesterday nothing had seemed wrong. Yesterday she had not wakened with this queer unhappiness inside her, the tightness in her stomach, this *hurtingness* in her heart.

She couldn't understand it. It was like being afraid—only there wasn't anything to be afraid of. Unless . . . unless maybe she was like Louise, Mama's hired girl: ". . . sufferin' with fears, Miz Randall. Somethin's sure wrong. . . ."

Sometimes, something was wrong. Once a letter had come, saying Louise's mother had been sick; and once, her cousin's baby had died.

Edie shuddered. What if Mama had got sick? Or if something had happened to Jackie, or to Baby-Sister-Celia? What if she shouldn't ever see them again? . . . She spoke to herself sharply, as Mama often did to Louise, "You'll make yourself sick, child! These fears you suffer are just idle worrying. And worrying never helps!"

A sunbeam darted in and crossed the room, dancing on the farther wall. Edie heard the household coming awake . . . good-morning voices, footsteps, the kitchen-stove noises — grate shaken, dampers turned. And presently the guest room door opened carefully to let Auntie Page's head through—white hair smooth and shining above the silver-rimmed spectacles, and the pleasant smile.

"Well, well! Awake already? Good morning, dearie. How's our little guest this morning?"

"I'm very well, thank you," Edie answered politely. "Good morning, Auntie Page." She began to climb out of bed.

For a while after that, the disturbing worry was busied away, though the breakfast-table attentions from Uncle Page and the hired men and Hilda didn't seem so happy as they had been yesterday, and the berries and ham-and-eggs didn't taste so good, and Auntie Page's shiningness seemed a little less shining.

After breakfast Edie took Vi'let-Doll and went outdoors. But yesterday's fun was not fun this morning, not even chasing Solomon, the big yellow tomcat who reigned

proudly in the back yard and orchard. This morning, Solomon stared at Edie a long moment and stalked away, and she felt snubbed and lonely; the queer unhappiness worried up again in her insides. She wandered around the big house to sit on the front porch steps and think about it. Remembering . . . .

HOW long ago it seemed! It had been Tuesday, then. She remembered Mama sitting in the low rocker holding Baby-Sister-Celia, while Auntie Page sat opposite in a straight-up chair, her gray silk dress glistening, her needle flashing in and out of the tight cloth in her embroidery hoops.

"Would you like to go to Auntie Page's house today?" Mama asked. "To stay till Friday, maybe? We've promised her you'd make her a special visit sometime. And you're quite a big girl now—five years old!"

Edie clasped her hands behind her back and stood gravely considering and looking at Auntie Page's kind eyes behind the silver-rimmed spectacles. She thought of all the things she liked to do at Auntie Page's house: look at the whatnot's polished seashells and china ladies and tiny gilded slippers and baskets; the big red plush album filled with relatives' pictures; the wax roses and lilies under a shining glass bell. Play with Solomon the tomcat, and listen to Hilda-the-hired-woman sing sad songs in a high, trilly voice. There had been many visits but never time for all the looking and doing Edie wanted. Now she was five years old—June second, over two weeks ago!—and she could, if she would like, go with Auntie Page and stay till Friday. All by herself. Edie's insides began to wiggle excitedly.

"Will there be time to look at all the pretties?" she asked breathlessly.

"Oh, yes, dearie," Auntie Page said quickly. "All you want to. Every day, if you wish."

"I do wish." Edie nodded her head vigorously. She saw Mama and Auntie Page smiling funny, secret smiles at each other above Baby-Sister-Celia's fuzzy head. "Yes, Mama, I—I *would* like."

Then Mama had Louise bring Papa's brown satchel and set it on the floor. Its top stood open, a wide squarish mouth, to swallow Edie's things which Louise brought: the rosebud nightgown with blue feather-stitched ruffles, the blue-and-white checked dress and the next-to-best white dimity dress, and two pinafores, and a muslin petticoat, and panties and stockings and Edie's hairbrush and comb and some fresh ribbons. One by one the satchel swallowed them down just as it swallowed Papa's things when he was going on a journey. Edie stood watching, feeling bigness grow inside her. She wondered if going-visitings were as important as journeys . . . .

". . . And be a good girl, and remember your manners, dear," Mama whispered, kissing her goodbye. And Jackie said, "A-bye, Edie!" and ran away to chase Tubby-Pup. Louise stood by the door waving her hand to Edie when she had climbed carefully up into Auntie Page's gleaming black buggy, with bright-yellow wheels, be-

hind Auntie Page's special-own sleek black horse.

All down the clover-bordered lane and across the river bridge and around the cliff-topped hill, Auntie Page let Edie hold the long, thin shiny black whip. Once she let her flick it gently against the horse's flank; then he sprang ahead so suddenly that Edie tipped over against the back cushion of the seat, laughing excitedly at the fence posts whizzing by so fast. The sky was bright blue, with clouds piled fluffily as egg whites fixed for lemon pie. Auntie Page's big, gray stone house gleamed in the sunshine, growing nearer and bigger as the black buggy whirled along the road, past the green fields which smelled of new hay, the orchards which smelled of ripening June apples and red cherries, and the pastures which smelled of cows.

UNCLE Page, when he came in from the hayfields, had acted greatly surprised to see Edie. He had said, "Well, for goodness' sakes! Where'd this pretty little girl come from, Auntie Page?" Twinkles in his blue eyes, his gray mustache quirking a little.

"I came from my house. To visit Auntie Page," Edie said.

"Well, well! And Uncle Page, too? I declare, that's just what we need—a little girl in this house."

"Five years old?" Edie asked. Being five seemed especially important.

Uncle Page thought it over and said solemnly, "I think so. I 'spect five years old would be just about exactly right. And named Edith—Edie for a pet name." He found a great big book and put it on a chair to make a high seat for Edie at the table.

Supper, that first night, was wonderful. Hilda had made strawberry shortcake especially because of Edie. Hired-man Mister Dan greeted her with, "Hello-o there! If it isn't my little sweetheart!"

The other hired man, whom Edie had not seen before, said, "Gosh sakes! We've got a little lady with us!"

"This is our little guest," Auntie Page explained. "Edie, this is Mister Fred."

Mister Fred smiled at Edie all over his round, sun-browned face. Mister Dan glared at him fiercely and said, "Hey, you Fred. Behave yourself, now. Edie's my girl."

Hilda said, "You boys *both* behave yourselves. Quit annoying Edie."

Edie, listening and smiling politely, was thinking back in her mind: Guest . . . *guest*. Being a guest sounded much more important than just visiting. It sounded wonderful.

The hours flying. Bedtime . . . Auntie Page helping her into her pretty nightie, helping her into the big guest-bed. The feather tick cushioned around her, shutting her into soft darkness. Morning . . . waking to the magic of the white room, the deep, soft bed, and a whole new day full of wonders and fun. Another bedtime—and suddenly thinking of Mama and Papa, Jackie and Louise and Baby-Sister-Celia. Lying awake, wondering if they were getting on all right without her.

REMEMBERING, Edie just couldn't figure out where the wrongness began. It must have crept over the world in the night—that second night, while everyone slept.

Because nothing was right, this morning. Solomon wouldn't romp. Vi'let-Doll didn't care about anything. The whatnot figures had somehow faded. The kitchen food smells made a queer sick feeling in Edie's stomach. Cutting roses for Auntie Page wasn't fun like yesterday; the garden perfumes were unsweet, the sun was too hot on her head. Out across the green fields, heat waves were quivering; their silvery mist jiggled the river and trees and the hills which hid Papa's and Mama's house. Edie wandered miserably about, keeping close to the house. Space had become changed, fearsome. The orchard, yesterday so near and so nice, today seemed far away and frightening.

It was when Auntie Page called her to come in to dinner, that Edie suddenly guessed the meaning of it all. Dinner? Why, it ought to be suppertime by now! Unbelieving, she looked up at the sky . . . and there was the sun, all right, fiery-blazing, high up. . . .

Something had happened to time! That was it. No morning in all the world could be *this* long. It couldn't be right. *Something had happened to time!*

That explained it all—why it seemed such ages and ages since she said goodbye to Mama and Jackie and Louise; why Solomon and Vi'let-Doll had not cared to play . . . (cats are so wise, and dolls know many secrets!) . . . and why Auntie Page's smile had been worried, when Edie brought in the roses. *She* had known the something. . . .

Edie stood still, there by the house wall, shocked and tense, until Auntie Page came looking for her.

"Didn't you hear me call you, dearie?" And anxiously, "You are all right, aren't you, Edie?"

"I think I . . . don't want any dinner, Auntie Page."

"Oh, my goodness! But of course you do. All little girls want dinners." Cheerfully Auntie Page took Edie's hand and led her around to the back porch.

There by the kitchen door, at the washstand, with its white basin and pitcher, its splasher with a long-legged pink bird among willows, Edie stopped to wash her face and hands. The pink bird's one eye leered at her scornfully, without friendliness. When she went inside, she felt a queer tension filling the kitchen. Everyone looked quickly at her and began talking in cheerful tones just like Auntie Page's.

EDIE knew very well what *that* meant. It was like the time it rained so hard, when Papa was away. It rained and rained until the river came up out of its bed, spread over the fields and came close to the house; and Mama and Louise had queer, heavy looks in their eyes, and had gone around talking constantly in that too-cheerful way. Pretending they weren't scared . . . pretending things were all right. . . .

Just like these grown-ups in Auntie Page's kitchen, now. *They*

knew something was wrong; their knowing was in the glances which tried to hide their worry; knowing was in their voices, too bright, too hearty. They knew something was wrong—*without knowing what would happen next!* Their knowing and their uncertainty crowded around Edie like a thick, silent curtain.

Presently Edie couldn't stand it any more. Tears swimming up back of her eyelids, she put her spoon down and said, "I . . . I just can't, Auntie Page."

Amid complete stillness Auntie Page helped her off the great, big book, gently down to the floor. "Maybe we'd better have a rest, shall we, dearie?"

The guest room, with green blinds pulled down, was dim and cool and quiet; but it was a quietness which roared inside Edie's ears so sleep could not come. She wished she could hear Mama talking to her, or Jackie shouting at play, or Baby-Sister-Celia cooing, or even crying. Time had become so long, so *awfully* long! *Maybe today was never going to end at all!* Maybe there would never be a Friday to go home to Mama. . . .

She stayed on the bed, her body stiff, her eyes wide, until Auntie Page came back. While Edie started putting on her shoes, Auntie Page sat looking on. Auntie Page looked sad, Edie thought.

"Would you like to go home now, Edie?"

Edie was so surprised she jerked her shoelace clear away from the hole it almost had gone through. She looked up, feeling her face grow warm and alive. "Oh, yes! Oh, please—can I?" And her mouth screwed up all crookedly as she tried to explain: "I need to see my Mama."

Auntie Page lifted her up and held her tight against her white waist; its crisp ruffles scratched Edie's cheek, but she didn't care. Her arms went tight around Auntie Page's neck.

"I thought so, dearie. I guess two whole days is a long time for a little girl to be away from her Mama, the first time," Auntie Page was saying gently.

THE ache in Edie's heart lessened as she watched Auntie Page put all the things back into the satchel. Auntie Page's smile looked queerly twisted; her spectacles had little gray clouds in their middles.

A long, long time later the shiny black buggy turned into the lane between the rows of clover, near the brown house. Edie saw Louise come out of the door, stand a minute and disappear. Then Mama came hurrying out, looked, and started running down to the gate. Mama looked scared, for sure!

"Now, now, Bessie! Nothing's wrong, nothing at all!" Auntie Page called out in that extra-cheerful way. And as soon as they were together, there at the gate, she began talking in letters—spelling something she didn't want Edie to know. "Just h-o-m-e-s-i-c-k, Bessie. That's all."

For once, Edie didn't care. She was too happy, being hugged so by Mama.

After a few minutes, Auntie Page was saying, "No, thank you, Bessie; I'd better start right back. It'll soon

be suppertime. I should have started earlier, but . . . well, until I'd seen her *after* she rested, I really hoped to keep her till tomorrow at least. We loved having her. Next time will be easier, of course—you'll come and visit us again soon, won't you, Edie?"

Edie nodded, suddenly remembering all the times Auntie Page had wished for "a little girl like you, dearie" . . . and understanding dimly how Auntie Page needed to borrow her, to make the big stone house less lonely. Thinking of this, Edie nodded again, faster and harder, and said, "Oh, yes! Can—may I, Mama?"

"Little precious!" Auntie Page said, and kissed her. Then she got up into the buggy again, and turned it around and drove away down the lane.

Louise was scraping new potatoes in the kitchen. She said, "Hello, there. Didja have a nice visit?" And before Edie could answer, she added, "Run along now, chick. Out from underfoot while I'm cookin'!"

It seemed as if Edie had never been away!

She went out in back, still wondering. Everything had been so wrong—but now everything was just like before. But there was, still, something she couldn't understand.

All at once Jackie was running from under the lilac bush, running as fast as his chubby legs could come.

"Where *was* you?" he demanded. "I looked an' looked an' you wasn't there!"

Edie felt suddenly tall and wise. She swished her skirts importantly as she told him, "Why, didn't you know? I was—away. I was being a guest."

He looked at her with emptiness in his eyes. He was too little to understand about being a guest, she thought. . . . Just as she was too little, she supposed, to understand about what had happened to time, today. Whatever it was, it must be all fixed up, now. But if she could only *understand*, she could be sure . . . she could stop worrying about it.

Long after sleep time came in the cozy bedroom where Jackie already slumbered in his crib, Edie lay in her bed, puzzling. In the sitting room, Mama was singing softly as she tended Baby-Sister-Celia; her voice floated soothingly into Edie's thoughts. The door was partly open, and through its narrow space Edie could see Papa sitting at his desk, getting ready to write a letter.

"Bessie," he said suddenly and surprisedly loud, "do you know what date this is?"

A pause, and Mama answered, "June twenty-first, dear."

"Uh-huh! Know what that means? The longest day of the year, honey."

"Why, it is, isn't it!" Mama said, surprised, too. "I hadn't thought a thing about it. Well, my goodness. The longest day."

Edie tensed, caught her breath. So *that* was it! She snuggled into her pillow, and swift, glad comfort eased through her. She hadn't been mistaken, and she was big enough to understand it. It wasn't that something was *wrong!* It had been simply and really, the longest day of the year.

The Family Hour

*Alberta O. and Roy W. Doxey**

"MOTHER, when are we going to have Family Hour?" is not an infrequent question from one of our four children. This query comes from Cheryl, the youngest, age three, to Douglas, our oldest child, who is about to receive the Aaronic Priesthood upon graduation from the Primary. We have felt that the Family Hour makes a contribution, among many other very worthwhile values to such important events and as a preparation for baptism for the other children.

There are some practices we observe which appear to be of more than usual interest to all members of the family, and we believe the variety of the programs accounts for the children looking forward to them with anticipation.

We have the children indicate their preference for the particular program to be presented. Although this is the ruling principle in our practice, guidance in the form of suggestions from the parents preserves variety and what we consider a proper balance between the secular and the spiritual. We have felt that, in the main, there should be a religious objective in everything that is done, although the most popular single feature of the Family Hour is the showing of home movies, a hobby in the family for over ten years through which we are accomplishing a principal objective. The maternal and paternal grandfathers of the children passed away several years ago, but the knowledge and memory of them are kept alive through this medium. For the children to see their grandfathers "alive," walking and associating with their grandmothers and other living members of the family, is a great blessing. It is hoped that by this means the Latter-day Saint idea of love of family heritage under the patriarchal order may be fostered. We also found that during the fifteen years we lived in the East away from our relatives, movies showing cousins, aunts, uncles, and others were the best means of keeping before the children these family relationships. Since we have recorded the life of each child in colored movies from the time each was three weeks old, all have the delight of seeing themselves as infants, of watching birthdays, Christmases, and all the wonderful well-remembered days of childhood pass in review. Kimball, age six, never tires of seeing himself as a two-year-old with long curls, and being shorn of them in the barber's chair.

Then, too, movies of Douglas' baptism in the Susquehanna River at the approximate point where Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery baptized each other under the direction of John the Baptist, serve to re-emphasize this ordinance and provide an opportunity to teach the other children the meaning and purpose of baptism to which ordinance Clarke Benson, age sev-

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en, is now looking forward. An impressive event occurred as we were leaving the bank of the river following the baptism. The sun had not shone all day; the sky was dark and cloudy. But just as we were leaving the bank of the river following the baptism, we looked back upon the scene and saw that the sun had broken through the overcast, and was shining down in a circle upon the spot where Douglas had been baptized. It seemed to us as though heaven had acknowledged the event which had just taken place.

Birthday anniversaries of the children are always observed in our home with the traditional home-baked cake carrying the appropriate number of candles. To preserve the memory of the event and, above all, the memory of their little friends who attend the party, movies record the traditional blowing out of the candles and related activities. Each child always appears interested in seeing his birthday party, the Christmases, and other special events in his life, and to recall friends, some of whom have not been seen for years. Especially is this true of Douglas' Eastern friends.

A comedy or cartoon livens up our movie programs. Cowboy movies and pictures of the army and navy in commercially produced movies of news events during World War II years, are rated high in interest and serve to maintain interest in other offerings which have higher objectives.

THE phonograph also has its place in our Family Hour. Children's stories and songs make a hit. This is another effective means of teaching gospel lessons through Bible stories. The current series of Bible stories on phonograph records received through *The Deseret News* serve very well in this connection. Some semi-classical and classical numbers also find their place in our programs when records are enjoyed.

Among the family hours most treasured are those spent with the grandmothers. Here eighty-year-old Grandmother Doxey tells how, when she was very young, she was taken to Salt Lake City to attend a conference session. There, with her mother, she listened to President Brigham Young. Other stories about great-grandmother and great-grandfather crossing the plains as pioneers find interested listeners each time they are told.

Equally interesting are the hours spent with seventy-seven-year-old Grandmother Opheikens, when, with the children seated all about her on the living room floor, she relates the wonderful experiences of her childhood among the windmills and canals of Holland. Always there follows the wondrous story of her conversion to the gospel of Jesus Christ and the marvelous blessings that come from being a good Latter-day Saint.

The old true and tried method of teaching stories from the Book of Mormon and the Bible by telling the stories is used also. For a family with the age range of ours, we have found that the use of pictures, cut-outs, and other illustrative material, is most effective. Rainy Sunday afternoons are used to gather the children around the

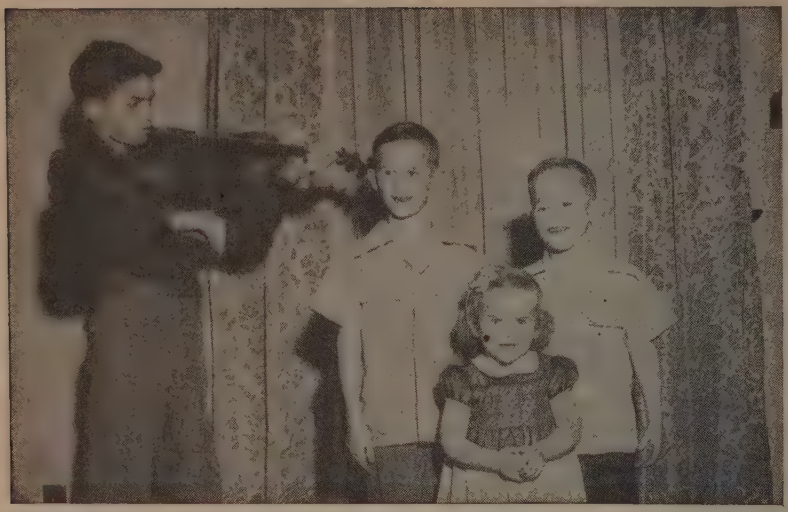
table, there to color the cut-outs or pictographs from the *Our Promised Land* series. As stories of The Book of Mormon are told, the characters of the book come to life on a large flannel board. Inasmuch as our Family Hours have the principal objective of making Latter-day Saints of our children, we try to bring into these hours those activities which build desires to accomplish Latter-day Saint objectives. We have therefore taken occasion to tell missionary stories in the hope that the missionary desire will be engendered. The home movies assist here also because of our many pictures of missionaries and of some of the General Authorities who toured the Eastern States Mission with us while we were there.

Individual participation sometime during each program is a "must," even though there may be some repetition. Recitations learned in school, Sunday School, Primary, or taught at home, with songs from various members of the family, give development. Douglas is learning to play the violin, so his contribution helps this phase of the hour, while Clarke and Kimball contribute vocal duets. At one time, when the children were called upon to give the names of the first few books of The Book of Mormon, Clarke's excited reply evoked some laughter when he said: "I know! I know! First Nephi, Second Nephi,

Willard Luce

MOVING PICTURES FOR THE FAMILY HOUR

Elder Roy W. Doxey, his wife, Alberta O. Doxey, and their children (left to right): Douglas, Cheryl, Kimball, and Clarke Benson.



Willard Luce

MUSIC FOR THE FAMILY HOUR

The Doxey children, left to right: Douglas, Clarke Benson, Cheryl, and Kimball

Third Nephi, and Baptism by Emergency!"

"Freshments"—as the little ones call them—are a very important part of the Family Hour. These may consist of dinner dessert held over, or, if mother has had a very busy day—a box of raisins or nuts serves the purpose. Homemade candy, popcorn, or cookies are delicacies always welcomed. Popcorn balls and apples are never failing favorites with the children.

The Family Hour in summertime calls for outdoor activities. They take the form of short trips to nearby points of historical interest, picnics in the city parks, beautiful scenic drives in the mountains, and swimming parties. Church history, songs, and rounds are learned, and each child has opportunity to recite favorite verses as we drive along. Canyon picnics have given our scout-age son a chance to demonstrate his recently-acquired knowlelge of scout lore. New games are learned.

One Family Hour, still in the planning stage, is even now anticipated. Our plans are to start out very early some lovely spring morning for the "This Is the Place Monument." Here each child old enough will treat some phase of the pioneer story. Daddy will give an especially prepared talk, and then, in the beautiful early morning sunshine, each member of the family will have opportunity to bear his testimony, down to three-year-old Cheryl, who quite often says, "Let's talk about the gospel."

(*Continued on page 279*)

Father Was a Good Provider

Inez Bagnell

I knew the groceries had arrived because the delivery truck backed out of the driveway just as Mom and I came hurrying up the walk. Mom was limping a little as those comfortable shoes Father had bought her had been pinching her feet all afternoon while we shopped.

"I'll get these shoes off, and we'll hurry dinner, Elizabeth," said Mom. With one shoe in her hand, she stopped at the kitchen door.

Father was already home from his law office and was acting queer. He was holding a bottle of large ripe olives up in front of him and it looked like those olives were on trial for their lives.

"Olives!" he said, "extra large fancy jumbo! I suppose that refers to the price."

He pawed through the grocery box and came up with both hands full of canned goods.

"There was a time when women were ashamed to feed their families out of a tin can," he said. "I can remember back when paper sacks and tin cans were considered sufficient grounds for divorce. What in tarnation is gelatin? And nuts, dates, vanilla, whipping cream! What am I doing, feeding my family or running a French pastry establishment?"

"I'm having some of the ladies in tomorrow," said Mom.

"You mean you aren't going to make me another date cake?"

Mom laughed. "Some lawyer you turned out to be, Roger, dear. You just defeated your own argument. Case dismissed. The defense is going to rest. And I do mean rest!" Mom sank into a chair and pulled off her other shoe.

"Hand me that blue can of stuff, Roger. That's one thing you can't call an extravagance. It's a can of foot balm and I'm going to rub it on my blisters."

Father had picked up her shoes and was holding them up in the air admiring them, so I handed her the foot balm. "A nice looking pair of shoes," he said, "even if I did pick them out myself. They look sensible and comfortable, like shoes were meant to look."

"They pinch," said Mom.

"Women always buy such silly shoes. They forget that fundamentally shoes were intended for walking, so they go hobbling and teetering all over the streets. There was a lady in the shoe store with feet about the same size as yours, and she tried them on for me and said they were very comfortable."

"As a general rule, I prefer my shoes bought to fit my own feet," Mom said darkly.

By then she had her stockings off and Father sucked in his breath as he saw the big red blisters on her toes. "Elizabeth, get the iodine and some bandage, quick!"

Father told Mom to sit and rest, and he broiled steaks and lectured her. "I tell you, Grace, the trouble with the world today is too many flummy-diddles, too much folderol. Every day the courts are full of

divorces, and do you know what causes them?" He waggled his finger under Mom's nose. "People are helpless and extravagant. They have to have everything done for them!"

HE grabbed a knife and started to cut himself a slice of the big chocolate cake. He stopped with the knife in midair. "I see you got this at the bakery. Nowadays, women miss all the thrill of cooking." He started to cut the cake.

"Put the lid back," said Mom. "I'll feed it to the birds."

Father hummed as he cut the cake. He put the steak on a platter, added a can of mushrooms and a bottle of catsup. He opened the olives and helped himself to six just like they had never been on trial.

"Grace," he asked, "did I ever tell you about when our family used to live on the ranch? We used to buy everything in quantity. We'd only go to the store about once a month and we ate like kings for practically nothing."

For dessert Mom took a tray of pink pistachio nut ice cream out of the refrigerator.

Father had eaten about half his dish before he thought of something. "My mother used to have great sport freezing ice cream. Women now are missing all the fun."

"Roger Henderson," Mom said, "do you mean to tell me that you would enjoy that ice cream more if you knew that I personally chased the cow down and got the cream and shinnied up a tree to hunt for pistachio nuts and cracked ice from the river to put in the freezer and turned it by hand for hours? Do you?"

Father just smiled, and Mom jumped up and started on the dishes.

"Father said he'd do the dishes, remember?" I said.

"Elizabeth, do the dishes," he said. "Your mother's tired."

"Never mind," said Mom. "It isn't like I had to build a bonfire and heat water from the creek to do them. All I have to do is put them in my modern labor-saving, thrill - killing, divorce - provocating electric dish washer. My, I'm almost ashamed to be getting them done so easily."

Father went in the front room to read the paper.

"Mom," I said, "are we awfully poor or is Father stingy?"

"No, Elizabeth, your Father is very generous. It's just that he gets these streaks and he can't forget that they did things differently on the ranch. He worries about all the trouble he sees in the courts, and since he can't do much about the whole world, he starts in on us here at home."

When we went in the living room Father had those shoes of Mom's looking at them again. "Remind me to pick up some mutton tallow tomorrow, and I'll rub it into these for you. Mother always rubbed mutton tallow into our shoes to preserve the leather. Say, you must have walked all over town today to get those blisters."

"We hunted material for Elizabeth's dance costume," said Mom.

"She ought to be learning something useful," said Father.

"Maybe we could apprentice her out to learn a trade," Mom said.

"No one would have her. She's too spoiled," said Father. "Girls nowadays aren't taught to do anything useful or to take any responsibilities. Then, when they get married and find out there isn't a money tree out in the back yard, they run home to Mama and get a divorce. I want Elizabeth taught the responsibilities of life." He was waggling his finger at Mom's nose again. "I want her to learn that she can't leave her husband and run home to us the first little thing she doesn't like."

I began to cry. "I don't want to have a marriage and a divorce yet. I'm only ten. Why can't I just live here like I am?" I ran and threw myself on the couch, sobbing loudly.

Father ran over and picked me up in his arms and started cuddling me. "There, there, don't cry. Grace, how many times have we agreed that we must be careful what we say in front of our child? After all, she's only a baby."

THE next morning at breakfast Father had news for me. "Your mother has asked me to take over the buying for the house for her," he said. "You'll soon see a change around here. You won't see me running to the store every five minutes to bring back a quarter's worth of potatoes. I'll buy in bulk. Did I ever tell you about when we lived on the ranch?"

"Yes," Mom said quickly. "You ate beans by the peck. And you always ate by candlelight. It was romantic."

"Yes," said Father. "And my father taught all his boys to eat well, work hard, and to stand on their own two feet."

"Isn't Uncle Eddie your father's boy?" I asked.

"Of course he is. Why?"

"Does he stand on his own feet? I've heard you tell Mom he leans on you and borrows money from you, and never pays it back and just comes to see you to eat your chocolates and borrow things . . . ."

"Elizabeth! Hush this instant!" said Father.

"That's what you say," I said. "You say he mooches, and Aunt Marie feels sorry for herself, and you're tired of loaning . . . ."

"Elizabeth, in the future please pay more attention to your own affairs and not to things that don't concern you."

"Shall I make out a grocery list each day?" asked Mom.

Father laughed. "No, that isn't the way I'll do it. I'll only go to the store about every two weeks."

THE last time Father went on a foodbuying fling he bought eleven bushels of over-ripe peaches from a fruit peddler. Mom canned them, dried, jammed, and preserved them. We still have scads of peach preserves in the basement, but for some reason we don't like them.

Toward evening Father's provisions began arriving. There were cases of milk, sacks of flour and potatoes, five hundred pounds of sugar, and a gunny sack full of red beans. That night he came up on the back porch staggering under what turned out to be a quarter of beef. He dropped it down. "I

wonder if I can carry in the rest of it."

"The rest?" asked Mom. "You mean there's more?"

"Yes," replied Father. "I bought a whole beef. The farmer I got it from said he had to kill the whole thing at once."

"We'll have to buy one of those home freezers, won't we?"

"On the ranch my mother used to take what we couldn't use up and fry it, put it in a barrel and pour grease over it."

"We'll get a home freezer." Mom sounded like it wouldn't pay to trifle with her.

"Okay. Okay," said Father. "I'll see to it. But that's the trouble with women nowadays. Lost all their pioneer spirit."

The next day we were delivered a new home freezer, and a man came and cut the meat all up and wrapped it.

Father came home happy again that night. He had a big wooden barrel and several sacks of cabbage. "I'm going to make a barrel of sauerkraut like Father used to," he said. "Yum, yum!"

They sliced cabbage on the back porch all evening and dumped it in the barrel. "Is that all you do to it?" Mom asked.

"Yes, as I recall, it just has to sour and start working."

"I hope you recall correctly," said Mom. "That's fifty cabbages."

The meals didn't really get bad for several days because Mom had some things on hand. But we were always out of something and Father never bought such unnecessary items as nuts, dates, vegetables, or green stuff. Just plenty of meat, potatoes, and beans.

A few days later he brought home a whole pork.

"A whole pork?" asked Mom.

"Yes," said Father. "I asked the farmer if he wouldn't kill just a ham and a slab of bacon, but he was a stubborn fellow. I'm going to home-cure it like father used to do. I'll rub it with salt and wrap it up and put it in one of those drawers on the porch."

"While you're out there, take a look at that sauerkraut."

Father took the lid off the barrel and sniffed. "It's coming fine. It's just starting to season."

"I didn't know there was a season in the world that smelled like that," was Mom's answer.

THE next day Mom kept taking the lid off the sauerkraut barrel, then putting it back quick. "Fifty cabbages at thirty cents each," she said. "No wonder it smells so rich."

For dinner that night we had roast beef, potatoes, and beans, and for dessert, peach preserves. The next night we had the same thing. Then Father went out on the porch to look at his pork.

"It smells funny," said Mom.

"It's starting to season. I'll rub more salt on it."

"While you're out there look at the sauerkraut," said Mom.

Father looked at the sauerkraut and it was growing whiskers. "It doesn't look quite right," he said. "I'll just skim the top wave off." He skimmed the top wave off the sauerkraut and took it out back of the garage and buried it.

The next night at dinner Mom said, "Roger, aren't you a little tired of this meal? Wouldn't you rather I'd take the shopping back. I know you're terribly busy."

"What's the matter with this meal?" he inquired. "There are plenty of families in the world who would be glad to have a meal like this. I love peach preserves." He ate a very small spoonful.

That night he rubbed more salt on the pork. The sauerkraut had grown more whiskers, so he buried another wave of it behind the garage. "Those cabbages must have been frostbitten," he said.

The next morning Father said, "Grace, on second thought, I'm so busy, maybe you should make me a list of the things we need each week. I'll shop once a week."

All day long whenever Mom thought of something she'd write it down till the list covered a whole page. The next morning when she handed it to Father he made a snorting noise. "I can see there are a lot of unnecessary items on here," he said.

Mother was hopping mad when she unpacked the groceries that afternoon. "Elizabeth, guess what we're having for dinner? We're having beef, potatoes, beans, and peach preserves. Your Father has crossed everything else I ordered off the list."

Just then the phone rang. "Why, hello, Eddie, how nice," Mom said. "You and Marie be sure to come and have dinner with us."

Mom started to smile and hurry around and plan. Then she stopped smiling, got a pencil and made a list. "Come on, we're going to the store. If your Uncle Eddie and Aunt Marie ate what we've been eating I'd be embarrassed to death."

We went out on the back porch and started for the door. But Mom turned her ankle on a gunny sack full of rice and almost fell down. She sat down and rubbed her ankle.

"Rice!" she yelled. "A whole hundred pound sack of rice, but I can't have one small can of baking powder." She stood there hesitating. "Well, come on," she said.

Outside, we saw Sandy, the neighbor's cocker spaniel, and two other dogs dragging something out from behind the garage. It looked like a ham, only I'd never seen green ham before.

"That looks like your Father's pork," Mom said. "I wonder . . . ."

WE went out on the porch and looked in the drawers and they were empty, except for a bad smell.

"I knew Father was burying something last night," I said, "but I thought it was just another wave off the sauerkraut."

Mom went back in the house and took off her coat. "What's good enough for us ought to be good enough for them," she decided.

She cooked dinner and set the table with some long candles. Then she put on those home comfort shoes that pinched, and limped down to the basement. I saw her take the fuse plugs out of the light meter and put them in her dress pocket.

Father, Uncle Eddie, and Aunt Marie came before it was dark. Uncle Eddie and Father sat on the

porch and talked and I sat and listened. Uncle Eddie told Father about an idea he had to make molasses out of sawdust and how much capital he had to scare up. So I went in the house to show Aunt Marie my new dance costume. Father and Uncle Eddie followed me in.

"I guess I won't be able to wear the costume much," I said. "Father wants me to quit dancing and learn a trade."

"Well, that wasn't exactly what I meant," said Father.

Then I saw Aunt Marie look down at Mom's shoes. Uncle Eddie looked at them, too, and then they looked at each other.

Soon Uncle Eddie began hunting for Father's chocolates. He found one and sniffed at it. "Why, these are no better than the brand I buy."

Father looked apologetic. Mom put on the stewed meat and stuff. It didn't look very fancy. Uncle Eddie and Aunt Marie looked funny at each other some more.

"How is the law profession lately?" asked Uncle Eddie.

"Fine. Busier than ever."

"I always knew there'd be a slump in the law business."

"Well, there isn't," denied Father. "Say, turn on the lights. It's getting dark in here."

Mom jumped up and lighted the candles.

"I still can't find my beans," complained Father.

"I thought you liked candlelight," said Mom.

"It's all right but we need a little more of it." He got up and clicked the light switch. He tried the kitchen light. "Phone the power company and tell them to come and fix our lights."

"I heard about some people who didn't pay their light bill," I said. "The company came and turned their lights off."

Father glared at me. "I always pay my light bill."

"Anyone might forget to pay their bill," said Aunt Marie.

"I said my light bill was paid." Father sounded cross.

"Okay," said Uncle Eddie. "It's a good story, so stick to it."

Father opened his mouth twice, but no sound came out.

"Lots of families are economizing these days," suggested Aunt Marie.

Uncle Eddie speared a piece of beef on his fork. "Personally, I have always preferred plain, cheap food."

"If you are referring to that piece of beef," Father yelled, "let me inform you that the critter cost me something over three hundred dollars all told. And we are not economizing. This month I have spent seven hundred dollars for groceries."

UNCLE Eddie shook his head sadly. Even I could see he and Aunt Marie were pitying Father.

They didn't stay long after dinner. Uncle Eddie said he had to hurry and see a man about a proposition. Father followed them out on the porch to say goodbye. He came back in looking stunned. He sat down and turned a ten-dollar bill over and over in his hand.

"Grace," he exploded, "he actually gave me ten dollars on what he owes me and said if I ever needed anything to call on him. He didn't

even ask me to loan him money. What's my money good for, if not to help my family when they need it?"

He jumped to his feet. "Grace, do you think he actually thought we were down to bedrock? What could have given him that impression?"

Mom hurried into the kitchen to clean up dishes in the dark, and Father paced around the living room like a caged lion. After a while he came in the kitchen and held out his hand. "I begin to catch on," he said. "Give me the fuses. I saw them in your apron pocket. I have been framed."

Mom gave them to him and he went down in the basement. She sighed with relief and turned on the electric dish washer. Soon we heard him chuckling to himself in the living room, so Mom and I went in.

"Is something funny?" she asked.

"Grace, I've just decided what's the matter with the world."

"Yes?" asked Mom cautiously.

"Yes," father repeated, "too many people get to thinking that money is the most valuable thing in life. They try to scrimp and save it. Grace, money should be used to purchase the comforts and pleasures of life it is possible to buy. What other earthly good is the stuff? Can you tell me?"

Mom blinked. "You'll have to wait for me," she remarked. "I follow but from a distance."

"If men would quit being so stingy there wouldn't be so many poor little helpless women cluttering up the divorce courts."

Father had a dewy look around the eyes. "For what other reason would a man work and slave except to provide a few comforts for the ones he loves?" He reached down to pull Mom to him and I got in the middle. He looked down at me.

"Elizabeth, run down to the drugstore and buy two quarts of pink pistachio nut ice cream and all the syrup and nuts they'll sell you."

As I left, Father had Mom's shoes holding them up in front of him. "Those are without doubt the ugliest pair of shoes I have ever encountered," he said.

I hurried and bought the ice cream and all the trimmings. As I came to our back door, Sandy, the cocker spaniel, jumped out of the ash can with one of Mom's home comfort shoes. The way he chewed on it he must have been starved for mutton tallow.

Father loaded our dishes with ice cream and syrup and nuts. "Isn't it wonderful," he remarked, "the luscious confections that a family can have nowadays without any trouble at all?"

"Father," I asked, "did you have pink pistachio nut ice cream when you were on the ranch?"

Father had a lump of ice cream on his spoon the size of a door knob. "We didn't have many things to eat on the ranch," he said. "It's a wonder we didn't all die of beri beri, scurvy, and malnutrition, but we didn't."

I can't figure Mom out. Here she had the most wonderful opportunity to crow, but for the next five minutes I didn't hear a sound except the three of us crunching nuts.

Josef Muench

PEAR ORCHARD, CARMEL VALLEY, CALIFORNIA

Do You Remember?

Grace Sayre

The rain-wet dogwood bursts along the land,
Its tinted blossoms opal as the day;
Beside the stream, the silver, slanting rain
Repeats its song of spring. Yet again
The reaching ferns unroll their fronds of gay,
Soft feathers for the trillium's white bells
Unfolding for the advent of new spring;
Mark now the flash of bluebirds on the wing.

Do you remember how the soft, sweet rain
Opened the showy balls of white pear bloom?
The rain that dripped in silver on each pane,
Washing away the darkness and the winter—
Do you remember? Do you still recall
Its cleansing heart and soul from dark and gloom?

A Frame for Happiness

Ora Pate Stewart

ALICIA WEBSTER looked through the large plate glass window that framed the flowering quince tree blooming in the front yard. Under the flowering quince her children, Catherine and Waverly, aged seven and four, were playing for the moment contentedly. Beyond the tree and the children and the spacious lawn ran the white lattice fence like a starched edging of stiff lace. And beyond the fence stood an impressive looking mail box, carefully lettered with the name, *J. Barnett Webster*. The mail box was one of the things that came with living so far out. And Alicia didn't mind the ruralness of it.

"Someday," Barnett had told her in those struggling days of depression when they were trying so hard to finish college, "we will buy a lovely hill at the edge of the suburbs; and we will build a house—a rambly one, with big shiny windows and a flowering quince tree in front. And you will never have to play another concert or give a music lesson again."

That someday had come. And Alicia thought, with a little pang of longing, of the dusty old cello that had been stored in the attic at her mother's for so many years. She looked at her slender fingers. They were whiter now, and there were no traces of the toughened ends, those sensitive tips that had always found just the right place on the strings and molded the tones as a sculptor molds his clay into living spirit. People had once trained their binoculars upon those fingers, But they wouldn't now. Women at luncheons sometimes asked what lotion she used. And the girl at the glove counter always remarked about them. But something had gone from those hands, and Alicia knew it.

She looked beyond the mailbox and down the lane that led to the foot of their little hill. At the foot of the hill the McDermott's residence sprawled with all its little outbuildings and machinery. The McDermott house was small and squatty, and was covered all over with brown shingles that had curled and wrinkled in the weather, making the house look like an angry brown thrush with its feathers ruffled against life in general. The outbuildings had lost what character they once had; and the machinery managed only to give the aspect of junk.

The McDermotts had eight children, each with a haircut patterned from the same bowl, boys and girls alike. And on wash days the laundry, all colors homogenized into a dull blur, swung from the barbed wire fences. The fences ran everywhere, because the McDermotts had ten chickens, two pigs, one cow, and a goat. As an item was needed, a towel, a pair of overalls, or a change for the baby, the clothes came down from the fence, one at a time. Sometimes the sections surrounding the goat all came down the same day.

Across the lane from the McDermotts, and two hundred yards be-

yond, set back behind a stately row of poplars, was the sheltered estate of Amy English. Amy had always had position and had lived in the greatest comfort. Alicia had known her in high school. She wondered now if it could have been envy that had made Amy make fun of her and her cello in those painful, far-away days. Amy was very nice to her now, even solicitous. But Alicia felt genuinely sorry for her. Amy had had no cello to shape her younger years, and she had no children to mold her life around now. She merely had the wealth she had always had; and Alicia knew that that was not enough.

IT was queer. The McDermotts had so many children, and no money. And Amy English had so much money, and no children. And she, Alicia Webster, who had once been considered poor, was now considered rich, and had two wonderful children as well.

"I wouldn't trade with anybody," Alicia said to herself. "Still, it would be nice to have eight children as sweet as Catherine and Waverly."

I am not a very good neighbor, she thought. Surely there is something I could do for the McDermotts. And what could be done for Amy English? Her need is just as great. And here am I with everything; and what am I doing about it?

Just then some childish difference disrupted the quiet of the scene under the flowering quince, and Alicia went out to investigate. As she suspected, the girl was commanding the fleet, and the boy had one ship that he was determined to man. Alicia divided the navy into equal properties, and smooth sailing was again maintained. But while she was doing this nautical problem she had not noticed that two ladies had walked the length of the lane and were now opening the white lattice gate.

"Good morning, Sister Webster," called an uncertain voice. "We hoped we'd find you at home." Both women looked at the big window. "My, what a beautiful window!" continued the one. "Just like a frame. A frame for the picture of happiness."

"We love our home," Alicia said modestly. "I guess we appreciate it so much because we have worked and waited so long." She had added this last because she had noticed the work-worn hands of her callers, and felt a little pang that her own white hands did not give the impression of usefulness.

"We have to work for everything worthwhile," said the woman, "and sometimes the waiting is as important as the working."

Alicia suspected that the woman had added this last because her work had not yet been rewarded.

" 'Learn to labor and to wait,' " Alicia quoted.

"My name is Agnes Mains," the woman announced, "and this is my companion, Martha Hensley. This is not our regular Relief Society visiting day, but we have an errand just the same. As you may know, we are building a new chapel."

Alicia did not know. She was still considered new in the neighborhood, she lived far out, and she had been too occupied to even look up the Church or have her membership

transferred. It was one of the things she was going to do next.

"Come on in," she invited cordially. "I'll get my purse and write you out a check."

"No, we didn't come for money," the woman said. "It's up to the men to raise the money this time, but the ward is having a banquet, and we are helping with the dinner."

THEY climbed the flagstone steps, crossed the tile patio, and came into the living room.

"My, the window is just as much of a picture from this side." said the woman known as Agnes Mains. "That is the wonderful thing about a window. It both gives and takes. It frames the happiness within, and it frames the beauty without."

Alicia had never thought of it in just that way. Agnes Mains was somewhat of a philosopher. "We've always wanted a big window," Alicia said modestly.

"But you musn't let the window hold all the happiness inside the frame," cautioned Agnes Mains. "You must let it give. You must let it show outside."

Yes, thought Alicia, a frame should not be too confining. Just what was it that Mrs. Mains wanted her to give?

"We have come to ask you to do something for the banquet."

Something musical, thought Alicia. "Of course, I'll be glad to do anything I can, but I'm terribly out of practice." She thought of the cello, dusty and out of tune, perhaps even needing a string or two. "I suppose I could work up something. You really ought to have a trio for a banquet, though."

"Oh, yes, we have a lovely trio," agreed Agnes Mains. "The Manwaring sisters are going to play all the while we're eating."

The Manwaring sisters? Alicia had never heard of them. They must have come since her time. As she thought of it, Alicia decided she must have been before their time. Could it be that Agnes Mains had never heard of Alicia and her cello?

"Do you play the piano?" asked Mrs. Mains.

"Oh, not very well," replied Alicia.

"Well, what I was saying, we would like you to do something for the banquet. It is something very special. We want this banquet to be very fine."

Some limbs from the flowering quince? Alicia hoped not. It had just taken a good root.

"I will have some beautiful iris in another week," she offered.

"Oh, the Corless Floral is furnishing all the flowers," said Mrs. Mains.

Just what was Alicia to do for the banquet that was so special, and apparently such a secret?

"We are asking members to bring items of food," Mrs. Hensley enlightened.

"I would be glad to make you a large bowl of potato salad," Alicia volunteered.

"Sister Wanstrath and Sister Harkness are bringing the potato salad," said Mrs. Mains.

"I'm pretty good at graham-cracker pies," suggested Alicia.

"We're having ice cream and cake."

"We're having an awful hard time trying to get someone to make

the rolls," Mrs. Hensley confessed, "and we wondered if you would make two dozen clover-leaf rolls? You have such a beautiful home, and you must give an awful lot of parties, and they always serve rolls." She said it almost like a question.

YES, Alicia lived in a beautiful house. And she had a lot of parties. And she always served rolls. But Alicia had never made a roll in her life. She had always asked a friend, hired a cook, or gone to the bakery. She was just a little panicky. Why didn't they want her potato salad, or a graham-cracker pie?

"We want this to be a labor of love and good will," said Mrs. Mains. "Every item. . . ."

Alicia stood up. "I just can't bring rolls," she said in anguished tones. "Not clover-leaf rolls."

Why had she never learned to make rolls? It went way back to those dreadful days when there was never any shortening, nor enough sugar, and all the experiments with dough must be left to her mother, who could somehow make flour and water and salt turn into "something to eat" for a hungry brood. The thought of clover-leaf rolls thoroughly frightened Alicia.

"No, I will not be able to help you," Alicia said firmly. Then noticing the helplessness on Mrs. Hensley's face, "Another time perhaps. But not now."

The ladies left, and Alicia watched them through the window as they fastened the white lattice gate and trudged down the lane. They would not stop at the McDermotts. The McDermotts had nothing to contribute toward a banquet. And they would not stop at the estate of Amy English, as Amy did not belong to the Church. They would trudge all the way back to the car line or to wherever it was they lived, and Alicia would never see them again.

But she didn't feel right about it. Never before had she refused to do anything she had been asked for the Church. If the chorister didn't show up, Alicia had wielded the baton; if a teacher was ill, Alicia could always be depended upon to give a lesson. And once, when a noted performer was detained and couldn't fill an engagement, Alicia had taken her cello and played a complete concert, to the delight of the audience and the cause. Yes, it had always been a part of her religion to do anything that was asked. That was the way one grew. Alicia did not want to stop growing. The ladies were now approaching Amy's gate. What day had they said the banquet would be held? Thursday wasn't it? And this was Monday. Alicia hurried to the phone.

"Amy, oh, Amy, this is Alicia. You see those two women who are pasing your gate? I wish you'd run out and stop them. And Amy, tell them that Sister Webster will contribute two dozen clover-leaf rolls for the ward banquet. . . Yes, that's all, Amy. Thanks I'll see you soon."

Alicia did not notice that the steps of Agnes Mains and Martha Hensley were springier after they had passed Amy English's gate. She was busy studying the cookbook.

ON Monday evening, J. Barnett Webster came home to a supper of hot clover-leaf rolls, butter, and jam, with plenty of cold milk.

"There just wasn't any time for anything else," Alicia said apologetically. "I watched the rolls so hard. The waiting is as important as the labor."

J. Barnett ate them and patted Alicia's hand. The little Websters praised them just barely enough, because they were not precisely the best rolls they had ever eaten.

On Tuesday evening the McDermotts were surprised to see Alicia Webster at their door at suppertime with a huge pan of clover-leaf rolls.

If they don't want them, they can always feed them to the pigs, she thought to herself.

"They smell just like a bakery!" shouted one of the little McDermotts. And his smile was so wide that Alicia didn't notice his bowl haircut.

Mrs. McDermott was chopping up some rhubarb. "It's so nice of you to bring us these biscuits. Now you please take some of this pieplant home for a cobbler. We got plenty of it, and you're welcome as can be. Marybelle, you go out and pull Mrs. Webster some fresh pieplant. And be sure to get it where the goat hasn't been."

Alicia talked about the recipes for pieplant cobbler, and went home with a panful of the juicy stalks, and a heart that felt more neighborliness than it had felt since she had moved up on the hill.

On Wednesday evening Alicia put on her crispest frock and carried a pan of steaming rolls over to the estate of Amy English. They were as lovely a batch of clover-leaf rolls as Amy had ever seen, and she told Alicia so.

"I am so happy that you are my neighbor now," said Amy. "I never felt that I knew you nearly well enough in school. And weren't we silly then? So childish. But my, you have certainly developed. I want to see much more of you, now that we live here side by side. And do bring the children. You'll never know how much I have missed. And I have wanted to talk to you about doing something for the McDermotts for Christmas, or Easter, or something. Let's have it here at my house. Although yours is so new and beautiful. Do come in and let us talk it over."

On Thursday evening Alicia went to the ward banquet. She took J. Barnett and Catherine and Waverly, and Mr. and Mrs. McDermott. Amy English came with her station wagon and all the little McDermotts. And everybody there praised Sister Webster's hot clover-leaf rolls. It was honest praise, because they were the best rolls there.

"They are perfectly wonderful," said Agnes Mains, and Martha Hensley smiled at her gratefully. J. Barnett gave her an understanding smile of praise.

Yes, thought Alicia, we grow by doing what we are asked to do. And she was a happier woman with her new skill. Maybe she would be a little stiff with a cello now. But she would never be afraid of a bread pan again.

As they drove into the driveway that night the lights glinted on the big picture window. Sister Mains was right. No frame should hold all the happiness. It was best to let some of it come out.

Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts from the *Woman's Exponent*, April 1, and April 15, 1892

"For the Rights of the Women of Zion and the Rights of the Women of All Nations"

THE PRESENT ADMINISTRATION OF THE RELIEF SOCIETY: After the death of Eliza R. Snow, which occurred Dec. 5th, 1887, Sister Zina D. Young, who had been her first counselor, took charge until the semi-annual conference of the Church, April 8, 1888, when she was appointed to preside over the Relief Society . . . . October 11, 1888, President Zina Young chose as her first counselor Jane S. Richards, as her second Bathsheba W. Smith; sec. Sarah M. Kimball . . . . One of the most notable features of progress of the Relief Society was the inauguration of annual and semi-annual conferences for women, where special instruction peculiar to their work could be given by the President and her counselors and other experienced women, and where verbal reports could be made by the presidents of stakes or their representatives . . . . —Editorial

JUBILEE HYMN

Written March 17, 1892, for the Fiftieth Anniversary of Relief Society

Well may the songs of gladness
Within these vales resound,
Hushed every note of sadness,
And only joy abound . . . .
The wheels of time have brought us
With ever onward pace,
Till fifty years their course have run
For which we render praise . . . .
This work in the beginning small
Will great and greater be,
Till happy millions gladly keep
Each coming Jubilee . . . .
—Hannah Cornaby

EDUCATE WOMAN: The women of today are very desirous of becoming well educated and having their minds cultivated to as great an extent as possible . . . . A gentleman will wish his mother, sister, and wife, to attain to as high a degree of intelligence as he, himself desires to become, and will aid her in doing so . . . . We must be acquainted with the great issues of the day; the two National Parties. We must decide for ourselves what our politics are . . . . —May Brown

BIRTHDAY PARTY IN KANAB, UTAH: On the 15th of March, 1892 by invitation of Sister H. Y. Brown I went to her home and met other sisters there in honor of the birthday of her mother, Sister Persis S. Richards, who reached the ripe age of eighty-six years. Though feeble in body, she has a strong will, and is very industrious; a great lover of plants and flowers and at the present time they afford her much pleasure in tending and caring for them. She is conversant upon subjects of interest abroad; and takes pains to read the important changes taking place among the people she identified herself with in the early days of the Church. She often speaks of her early association with Sisters E. R. Snow, Presendia L. Kimball and Zina D. H. Young. Not being able to meet with us to celebrate the 17th of March, she wrote a few sentiments and testified to the divinity of the mission of the Prophet Joseph Smith with whom she was personally acquainted . . . . —Harriet D. Bunting

Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

ON February eighth Princess Elizabeth Alexandra Mary was proclaimed Queen Elizabeth II. Her father, King George VI, died in his sleep in his country home in Sandringham, and Elizabeth and her consort, the Duke of Edinburgh, immediately flew home from Nairobi, Kenya (Africa), a stop in their planned around-the-world trip. Twenty-five-year-old Elizabeth has two children, Prince Charles and Princess Anne. The new Queen is enthusiastically beloved by the British people, and her consort is also very popular.

MIRIAM PARKER, who came to Salt Lake City from Blenheim, South Carolina, because of the Church, recently won a certificate of proficiency from the National Shorthand Reporters Association. This is a top national award presented to only a few stenographers each year. In qualifying, Miss Parker took down court testimony at 200 words a minute for eight minutes.

SIXTEEN-year-old girl scout, Nancy Caton, of Presque Isle, Maine, is national president of six thousand chapters of Future Homemakers of America, an organization of high school students taking courses in homemaking.

ZILPHA DIADAMA FULLER EARL, ninety-five, died in Mesa, Arizona, in January 1952. She was born in "The Great Territory of Deseret," near the present site of Las Vegas, Nevada, the first white child born in Nevada. During her years of service as a midwife in the vicinity of Pine, Arizona, she rode horseback, on many occasions as much as forty miles, to assist at births. She was the mother of eleven children, and among her descendants were eight great-great grandchildren.

MORE colleges are open to women than to men in the United States, there being 273 colleges for women only as against 228 for men only. Of an estimated 2,045,000 college enrollment about 705,000 are women, with about 105,000 attending women's colleges; the other 600,000 are in co-educational institutions.

TULANE University has received a $30,000 grant for research on the B vitamins under direction of Dr. Grace A. Goldsmith, professor of medicine.

THE United States Army's first woman dentist, Captain Helen E. Myers, was commissioned a year ago and has now been sent overseas to a hospital in Trieste.

EDITORIAL

VOL. 39 APRIL 1952 NO. 4

Tabernacle in the Wilderness

Behold, and hearken, O ye inhabitants of Zion, and all ye people of my church who are afar off, and hear the word of the Lord . . . (D. & C. 70:1).

WITH the return of spring to the mountain valleys, the saints in Zion and those in far places are looking forward to the time of their meeting in general conference in the great Tabernacle on Temple Square. For eighty-five years members of the Church have assembled in this historic building to hear again the voices of their presidents and prophets teaching the principles of the restored gospel.

The Tabernacle, first used for general conference in 1867, was erected by faith and sacrifice, by a people who knew material poverty and spiritual grandeur. The saints return to conference as a people coming home to that which they love and cherish. For them there has always been enduring strength, security, inspiration, and a great peace within the walls of the Tabernacle.

In the early years the saints journeyed to conference from the "far boundaries" in wagons and buggies, on horseback, and many of them walked long distances to hear the words of salvation and to have their faith renewed. Afterwards, their days and weeks were blessed and enlightened by the lasting influence of precious words and lofty music—and the spirit of a united people gathered in worship. It is as one devoted saint once remarked, upon his return to his farm after attending general conference, "And often, following the furrows, I seem to hear choir music and words of wisdom directing my course in life, even as I follow this furrow."

Now the great Tabernacle cannot hold the multitudes who come to conference, but the words of the prophets and the voice of the organ are carried to far places, and thousands who will never see the Tabernacle—who will never stand within its domed walls—still may enter into the spirit which is there, and they may be partakers of the joy and the uplifting comfort which so abundantly radiate from the sacred walls. And by the written word, the gospel messages are sent to the saints abroad to be long treasured.

And over the years the messages delivered at the general conferences in the Tabernacle have been words of rejoicing, of gratitude for the restoration of the gospel, for the Prophet Joseph Smith and The Book of Mormon, and for the carrying of the message of salvation to the far countries and to the isles of the sea. The saints have heard words of direction for their temporal wel-

fare, and they have been nurtured by eternal truth. They have been advised to build chapels, stake houses, tabernacles, and temples—to build with the strength of lasting stone, and with the beauty of the spirit "which exalteth." They have been comforted in adversity and sorrow, and they have been instructed regarding their relationship to "that great banner"—the Constitution of the United States, established "by the hands of wise men . . . raised up unto this very purpose." And the saints have been instructed regarding that perfect and final government which Jesus will establish upon the earth for its everlasting glory.

—V. P. C.

Easter on the Hills

Alice Whitson Norton

Across the hills the voice of Easter sings—
In feathery, leafing elm and budding vine,
In sycamores that whisper in the sun,
And storm-lashed oaks above the timberline.

Across the hills the voice of Easter sings—
In homing birds now nesting in the trees,
And on the passing winds the whole day long,
Broadcast, with joyous hearts, their symphonies.

Across the hills the voice of Easter sings—
Through tender plants now bursting into bloom,
Each one revealing in a quiet way
The resurrected Christ—the empty tomb!

Emigration

Lael W. Hill

Already the valley holds warmth from this newest-come season—
The delicate plumes of the June grass turn golden; deep red
Appears, with its promise of love on the buds of the roses.
The perfumes of linden and locust are mingled, wind-spread.

Spring has gone up to the mountains and sharp-clefted canyons,
Hiding blue violets there among lingering snows,
Belatedly touching the maples and aspens with magic,
Teaching swift water the liquid of song that it knows.

Already the valley air shimmers in bright premonition;
The pressure of summer grows firm over meadows and rills
And, tentative, reaches ahead to the slope that lies nearest—
Following spring up green trails to the cool of the hills.

Notes TO THE FIELD

Delay in Magazine Subscriptions

Due to unavoidable conditions, the *Magazine* circulation department has been delayed a few weeks in filling the orders of new and renewal subscribers. We trust that this delay has not caused too much inconvenience to these subscribers. We desire to thank all those who have been so affected for their patience and understanding.

* * * *

Save These Lives

Furnished by the American Cancer Society, Salt Lake City Division

FIFTEEN million Americans will die of cancer by the end of this century unless present mortality rates are altered. Although improved diagnostic and treatment methods have lowered the death rate for some types of cancer, the number of deaths is rising because of our expanding population and its increasing proportion of older people.

Because cancer is nearly always curable when diagnosed in its early stages—and nearly always fatal when undetected until advanced—knowledge of the seven danger signals is of paramount importance. The warning symptoms are:

1. Any sore that does not heal.
2. A lump or thickening in the breast or elsewhere.
3. Unusual bleeding or discharge.
4. Any change in a wart or mole.
5. Persistent hoarseness or cough.
6. Persistent indigestion or difficulty in swallowing.
7. Any change in normal bowel habits.

These signs do not, of course, point inevitably to cancer, but a physician should always be consulted.

More facts about cancer have been discovered in the last seven years than in the preceding history of the world. By spreading these facts through education and service, the American Cancer Society hopes to save thousands of lives this coming year. This is a much larger problem than might appear at a glance. Education and research become the major objectives of the Cancer Crusade. We need the help of everyone—in funds, time, and ability—to save the lives that can and must be saved.

Your Flower Garden

Dorthea Newbold
Garden Editor, *The Deseret News*

THE word garden means a planted place apart—a place enclosed—a protected area. A garden may provide us with a retreat, a place where the family may relax and escape from the pressure and rush of the work-a-day world. Whether the garden area is large or small, it can provide the family with an outdoor area that is an inviting place in which to relax, and which supplements the rooms of the dwelling.

Planning the Garden

When planning a garden some factors to be considered are: Is the space to be devoted to a play area for young people; for the entertaining of all age groups; or is it to be a hobby garden for the plant enthusiast; or is it to be a place of retreat for the aged? When we plan our homes we consider the amount of entertaining that the family does, and the house is constructed to provide ample room for ease of entertainment. Thus must we consider our life, and our habits, when planning a garden.

No matter how well-planned and planted a garden may be, it falls short of the goal of good designing, if, in the judgment of those using the garden, it fails to become an integral part of the dwelling. No matter then, how large or small the garden may be, it should have its definite beginning at the house.

We hear many discussions about the axis of the garden. These may have caused quite a lot of confusion among the large numbers of beginning gardeners who plan and plant their own property. The simplest explanation of what the term axis means and how to adjust your plans to its use, is to regard the axis as the means whereby the beginning of the garden is carried on from a source which is an architectural feature of the dwelling. Very often it is desirable to lead out from the house with an open area of lawn which may be either oval, square, or circular. It may appear that there is no axis uniting the indoors with the outdoors. However, if the lawn area itself is recognized as a garden feature, that is, sharing a common axis with the house, and it is perfectly balanced with whatever architectural features give access to the lawn area (a porch, small patio, or just a plain doorway) then the desired unity is achieved.

In the informal garden no further thought need be given to the axial lines of the area other than to place a feature such as a bird bath, sundial, or a garden seat directly in line with the architectural feature of the house that gives access to the lawn.

Enclosures for the Garden

Enclosed boundary lines for the garden are necessary to make the garden what it was intended to be—a retreat safe from the eyes of the public. The enclosing of the gar-

Josef Muench

RUFFLED TUBEROUS BEGONIA

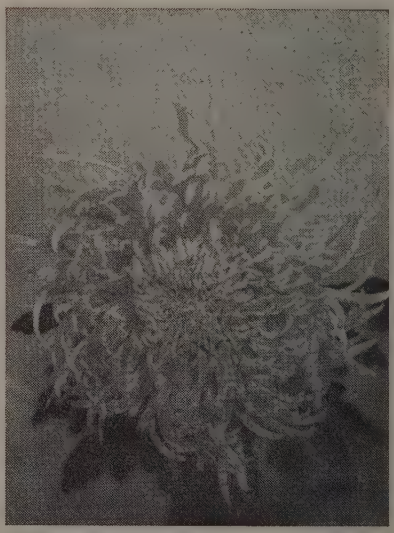
den may be accomplished in a number of ways. The use of stone walls in an area where rocks are plentiful is one of the oldest, and still one of the best ways of enclosing a garden. Use of native rocks is recommended then, along with the use of bricks that are of soft or dull grays or browns.

Fences of wood may be made in many new and different patterns. Unlike the old board fences, today's styles will provide the needed privacy and at the same time a complete circulation of air. Usually the fences are stained a nut-brown color rather than painted a stark white, which requires so much labor to keep the fence looking well, and dulls the colors of flowers if they are planted beside the fence.

Inexpensive wire fences may be used along the boundary lines. In time these may be disguised with hedges or may be covered with climbing vines which, in their turn, provide an excellent foil for the colorful flowers that fill your borders. Flowers growing up into the air without a background of green, never quite show off at their very best. When planning your garden, then, plan to show your blooms to the very best advantage.

Shrubs planted along the boundary lines of the garden make an ideal enclosure. Here the gardener may have a wide selection of material to use. Color and interest may be introduced with the use of shrubs having a colorful bark that shows to best advantage during the dull winter days. With the coming of the flowering period, shrubs are weighted down with many fragrant flowers, for a border may have its esthetic value as well as serving its utilitarian purpose of enclosing the garden.

All the types and styles of enclosing a garden mentioned also pro-



Courtesy Eudora Whitson

GOLDEN BALL CHRYSANTHEMUM

vide the gardener with endless opportunity to express her own personality. Through proper selection of planting materials and use of building materials, a boundary line may be achieved that is unlike that in any other garden.

Arrangement of the Garden Area

Within the boundary lines, divisions of the garden may be made. These are similar to the divisions of the rooms within your home; just a few well-proportioned rooms in the given area of the home are usually to be preferred to many small rooms. The garden area, then, should be arranged to avoid smallness and the danger of cluttering up the space. In her enthusiasm, a gardener may include too wide a variety of plants and too many garden features. These do not make a satisfying and serene garden picture, but result in a cluttered area which requires an unceasing amount of labor to maintain and never quite achieves the restful qualities so desirable.

In case your garden area is uneven, having different levels, do not be too anxious to haul in soil to make fills, or to smooth them out for a gradual slope. Regard the unevenness as an asset and plan to make of your garden a terraced beauty spot. Introduce rock garden plants to the area, using five to seven plants in a given area to produce a splotch of color that is pleasing to the eye. On steeper hills, a beautiful rock garden may be attained by planting carefully many of the rock garden plants

Courtesy *The Salt Lake Tribune*
CAPISTRANO ROSE

W. Atlee Burpee
ALLDOUBLE PETUNIAS

W. Atlee Burpee

TETRA SNAPDRAGONS

that thrive in your section of the country.

The formal garden plan is well adapted for use in the limited gardening space of the city and suburban lots. Quite contrary to the opinion of many gardeners, it is much easier to design, plant, and to maintain a formal garden than it is to maintain an informal garden.

The Formal Garden

The formal garden must always proceed from the dwelling, either by means of a center axis projected from a doorway, which may be distant or close, from the steps, or by the extension of wall lines. Symmetry and perfect balance are both basic requirements of the formal plan.

The simplest example of the formal garden that it is possible to make is that of the square back yard which is divided by walks, which may or may not have a central feature where the paths cross. This division by walks creates four lesser squares in each corner of the larger area. The division may go on further, in each case reducing the size of the squares. The separate plots may be planted as simply or as elaborately as one wishes, depending upon the time and the help available.

For the small home one may work out three successive plantings for the small formal garden, using spring bulbs, early summer annuals and, for fall color, chrysanthemums. The area should be worked over and enriched twice each year. This, in turn, eliminates much weeding and cultivation found necessary in maintaining perennial borders.

Willard Luce

REGAL LILY

Many color schemes may be worked out with tulips, and by carefully planting all the tulips the same depth, they will bloom at the same time, providing they are all of the same type, such as the Darwin tulips. If unevenness of bloom of the same types has been experienced in the past, it may be due directly to the fact that some bulbs have been planted six inches deep and others only four inches deep. Be sure to have an ample supply of forget-me-not plants on hand to use as a ground cover for the bulb beds. Use of violets for an edging plant is recommended. Select varieties carefully to be sure all the colors conform to the desired color scheme.

For summer bloom, plant annuals just as soon as the foliage of the bulbs begins to grow and the danger of frost has passed. Plant them among tulip plants, and you will find that the tulip foliage will

Ward Linton

PHLOX BUDS AND BLOSSOMS

serve as a protection for the new plants being set out. When the annuals begin to grow rapidly, the tulip foliage will be brown and will gradually disappear from sight. It is suggested that a combination of pink and blue and white be tried in the small formal garden. Use pink petunias, blue lobelias, blue ageratum, and white sweet alyssum for a colorful display that will last you well. However, in making this garden be sure you keep in mind the fact that before the summer is past the small garden of annuals will become very monotonous, and do make some provision for a supply of chrysanthemums either all of one color or of an assortment of colors to be planted in the beds as soon as the annuals are spent. Plants should be evenly spaced, and if the soil is properly enriched and tended, excellent results with a small amount of labor will be yours.

Roses do exceptionally well in a formal garden. Here one may use almost any color scheme. If the divisions of beds are small enough one may fill each bed with a different colored rose, having one section all of red roses, one all of pink, one of white, and perhaps a square of vari-colored roses. Roses are easily cared for in formal beds, and make a radiant display of blossoms.

The Informal Garden

Now we come to the informal garden. There is no standard or stock informal garden plan which can be used for any and every garden, rather the peculiarities of each area to be planted must be considered and the planning and planting done accordingly. In most instances the informal garden is one that is planned and planted very carefully to resemble as nearly as possible the very casual plantings made by Mother Nature.

There is no rule, for example, that says that roses must be planted in a formally designed garden; they may be enjoyed just as much and cared for just as easily if they are grown in rows as are vegetables, and the position of the garage on your lot may force you to plant your roses behind the garage because it is the only place that receives the six hours of sunlight that are so necessary for the successful culture of roses.

Great freedom is allowed in the selection of shrubs and flowers for the informal garden, and it is possible to develop a garden around one kind of plant, using many different varieties of the plant. Thus an informal garden lends itself well to the wishes of the gardener who specializes in one kind of plant.

In the perennial border the plants come into flower as others fade away, presenting to the gardener an ever-changing picture that provides interest and a challenge to try new and different combinations.

In arid lands, where weekly irrigations are necessary to insure the growth of the plant, we find a tendency on the part of the gardener to grow perennials in straight rows without regard to color mass-

es, or perhaps a plant put in here and there without pattern, resulting in a hodgepodge of plants. Perennials should never be planted in this manner. Rather they should be planted in groups of three or five, or seven to nine plants, where they can give an excellent accounting of themselves at the blooming period.

Flowers for Borders

The tallest plants should be planted towards the back of the border, especially should perennials with good foliage be used at the back. Some of them should extend a little into the front of the border especially in the wider parts of the border. This provides interest and removes the danger of monotony. Hollyhocks, delphiniums, Thalictrum glacum, spuria iris, and Siberian iris, are excellent selections for the back of the border.

There is a wide selection of dwarf evergreen edging plants that may be used for the front of the border, including the large family of pinks whose foliage is good the year around. Heuchera sanguinea, Iberis sempervirens, and some of the Sedums may be used.

In the intermediate part of the border may be planted daisies, from the very earliest blooming doronicums, commonly known as leopard's bane, and the many different Pyrethrums, on down a long and imposing list of white daisies produced by the industrious plant hybridizers.

It is wiser to use only a few different kinds of flowers in masses than to try to grow one plant of every kind you ever have heard about. Then the desired splash of color is attained.

To be easily handled, a perennial border should not be wider than five feet, unless stepping stones are placed in the back part of the border to enable the gardener to walk along on the stones. Plants must be fed, watered, sprayed, and staked up. Even though, through necessity, you must use small furrows to irrigate your garden, you can, with care and thoughtful attention, so place your plants that you can enjoy masses of color during the flowering season.

Midsummer need no longer see your garden colorless and simmering in the heat, for, with the wide development of new day lilies and perennial phlox, we may have the most striking displays of color during the hottest days of the year. The day lily, common corn lily, or tawny lily of our grandmothers' day, have taken a new size and many enchanting new colors in recent years. Along with the other fine qualities, you may add that they are quite free of pests. Perennial phlox should be planted with a generous hand.

In years past the first frost blackened our tender plants, thus ending the gorgeous displays out-of-doors. Not so anymore, for, with the increased interest in gardening, we find that the plant hybridizers have provided for our selection an almost endless array of colorful chrysanthemums that will last until the chill winds of November drive even the hardiest gardener indoors.

The Second Spring

Elsie Sim Hansen

SPRING slips over the hills into Southern California almost before February has left the calendar, bringing with her the fragrant aroma of millions of orange blossoms dancing on the wings of each gentle breeze.

The beds of ranunculus, stocks, and begonias make one think that a rainbow must have come to rest on the warm earth. The flowering shrubs and trees, stealing their delicate hues from the first rosy pink of an early dawn, spread in a panorama of color in every direction.

Yes, nature had really prepared a banquet of beauty from which we were permitted to feast, as if she knew this would be the last spring our family would spend in California.

One day, when it seemed our lady spring could no longer be the center of attraction, my husband came home and announced that his company was transferring him to another state.

We arrived in our new home about the middle of April, just in time to be smothered in billowy clouds of apricot blossoms. Neat brick homes were set in frames of scarlet tulips, golden daffodils, and giant pansies, with tiny white ribbon bows of lily-of-the-valley tied in every corner.

Nature, with her magic wand, was turning the newly planted vegetable gardens into patches of living green.

Later in the spring, while I was picking some luscious red strawberries, the thought came to me—how fortunate Steve and I were, not only because we had seen nature in all her majesty awakening the sleeping things of the earth from their winter nap twice in one year, but how, as parents, we were really living a second spring every year through the lives of our children. Obedience, faith in God, and charity are the flowers we are planting in the garden of their characters, so that when the springtime of their lives has passed, they may stand like sturdy oaks in the garden of their tomorrows.

* * * *

Talisman

Vesta N. Lukei

Awake, my love, and climb the hill
While all the earth lies cool and still.
Come, catch the fragrance of the breeze
Through dew-fresh groves of citrus trees.
Oh, hear the morning meadow lark
And watch the mountain shadows, dark
And purple, silent, slide away
Before the spreading gold of day.
These perfect moments shared will start
A day-long singing in my heart
And be a talisman until
We climb again adventure's hill.

Spring Showing

Ouida J. Pedersen

His mother apprehensively,
His father with marked pride,
Present the fourth-year model
Of a snub-nosed son; bird-eyed
With eagerness, brown hands
Chapped with weather,
Rumpled shirt and breeches
That won't quite stay together,
Shabby cap precarious
On wind-tousled head . . .
Unlimited capacity
For storing jam and bread.

Dear Conquest

PART II

Deone R. Sutherland

Synopsis: Maggie Sullivan, young and beautiful, comes to Oakville as a high school teacher and attends the Deer Hunters' Ball with Charlie Kirkenson, a lawyer, and meets a rancher, Ira Scott. Ira plans a wiener roast on Indian Mountain and invites Maggie and a number of her friends to his cabin for the party.

THE ride to Indian Mountain was especially lovely in the fall. Maggie's hair gleamed in front of us in the last of the evening light. We had our heavy jackets, but Ira said we would use the cabin if it got too chilly. My John balanced the three-layer cake on his knee. Ira turned into the narrow winding road up the steep mountain.

"Well, I expect you chose the best site around for a cabin," said My John, with appreciation, when we finally stopped the car.

"I hope to have more time to use it this winter," said Ira. "The ranch house is bleak enough in summer, without having to stay there the whole winter."

"You got enough men, it seems to me, to run things in the winter pretty well," said Annie, getting out of the car. "I keep telling Ira he should just move in with us during the winter and relax a little. He certainly isn't getting any younger."

Maggie had followed Ira out of the car, and stood looking down into the valley while we were talking. She wore a soft, blue wool jacket, and her curly hair looked sweetly colorful above it. Ira stood by her, following her eyes. Her, "It is beautiful," we scarcely heard. But I could see Ira's face relax when she spoke.

The best room in the cabin was the living room. It went the length of the cabin and contained mostly fireplace and books and, of course, Ira's desk where he worked. I had never thought much of Ira being a reader until Maggie stood looking at the rows of books. But then the party was starting, and the fire was roaring outside. We could come in to a fire in the fireplace when it got colder later on.

"Perhaps we could have the 'Sing' inside," decided Annie.

Andy Gillis and Allie Peterson handed out the sticks for the roast, and the smell of sweet ears of corn was in the air.

"I've never been so hungry," sniffed Maggie.

"All you have to do to endear you to a host or hostess here in Oakville is to say you're hungry," laughed Annie bustling around. She was especially excited over Ira taking time out to mix with folks a little, I thought.

I got a funny feeling watching Ira across the fire after the main eating was over. He'd always been someone who had to know and get what he wanted. And there he stood with a foot on a log listening to the others sing, but his glance kept coming again and again to Maggie in the burnishing firelight.

It was too bad Charlie had had to go back to River City today. It would be a relief to have him back next week-end. Maggie would be busy with schoolteaching all week. Why, she had only met Ira Scott the night before, and the times Ira Scott had appeared at socials in Oakville in the last three or four years you could count on one hand. I was getting old to encourage needless fears.

"This is the very best evening I have ever had," said Maggie, sighing, as Ira made sure the fire was out.

My John was yawning in the cabin.

"We'll come up tomorrow and clean for you, Ira," said Annie, carrying things down to her car.

"All right." Ira was still kneeling at the fire. "I appreciate all your help, Annie."

"I loved doing it." Her voice was muffled from leaning over in the car. She straightened up. "I'd do lots more if you'd let me, Ira."

John came down the steps, carrying my cake plate.

Maggie watched the last ember sizzle into nothing. "It's so sad putting out the fire. I almost wish I'd left before."

"Yes," I answered Maggie, "it's too cold for another mountain party this year. This is probably the last." I climbed into Ira's car beside My John.

"But the place for the fire stays there," said Ira. "Next spring . . . ." he began, and then he stopped. "Shall we go?" He opened Maggie's door, and we began the long winding ride down the mountainside. I steeled myself not to be nervous about going down the jutty lane in the dark. I wondered how Maggie could always be so relaxed. I followed her eyes and watched the dark, looming blackness that meant trees and underbrush move past the car. I began to feel easy with Ira driving.

ONE afternoon after the first heavy snowfall, Maggie helped little Alma Short build a snowman in his back yard which was next to ours.

"I think you're havin' more fun than Alma," My John called over.

"I am!" shouted Maggie.

Charlie Kirkenson came before the snowman was finished. He stood on a gunny sack on my back porch and shook off the snow while he laughed at Maggie.

"Oh, I am late," panted Maggie apologetically when she came running home.

I opened my oven door and basted Archie, the duck, once more.

"Don't do that again," called Charlie. "I can't stand it. I'll faint from hunger."

"It's only wanting someone to eat it," I called back, closing the oven, checking the top of the stove, and giving an eye to my dining room table.

Maggie darted upstairs, and in a moment was down again in a green wool dress. Melted snow crystals still glistened occasionally in her short hair.

"The snow makes your color good," said My John to Maggie.

"The oven makes mine," I said tartly.

"That it does," laughed My John.

We sat down to dinner, and My John blessed the food. Then he

began carving the duck and filling my best bluebird plates.

"In no time at all you'll have to go to school on snowshoes," said Charlie to Maggie. "Will you like that?"

"I'll love it," declared Maggie, emphatically.

"And I won't be able to get in to see you for a few months. Will you like that, Maggie?"

"Not very much," laughed Maggie, "but I'll probably survive."

"You're heartless," said Charlie, and he speared his duck.

They left Charlie's car in front and walked down to the *Palace* through the snow. My John and I were still up when they came back.

"We couldn't even stop for a soda," Charlie explained. "I'm afraid of getting snowed in up here if the snow keeps falling. I'll have to start right away for River City, I guess."

"Be careful," cautioned Maggie.

"You wouldn't like to go to River City with me sometime?" asked Charlie. "It's a nice city to live in."

"I don't think so," said Maggie. She stopped unwinding her yellow scarf. "I like Oakville."

"I hear my competition's more than just Oakville, Maggie." Charlie was smiling, but his hands were unsteady on the buttons of his overcoat.

"That's right," said Maggie in a very low voice.

My John rustled his newspaper very loudly, and Maggie and Charlie quit looking at each other. Maggie went to the door with Charlie. She came back alone and fumbled with my lace parlor curtains. She looked out at the snow.

"I'm an interfering old woman," I began, "but Charlie is one of the nicest young men a body could hope to meet anywhere this side of heaven."

"Yes," said Maggie sincerely, and then she said good night and went upstairs to bed.

IT wasn't long before Maggie almost did need snowshoes to get to the school. But Brother Isaacson brought his four children to the school right past our place, and he said one more on the "go-devil" wouldn't hurt anything. So Maggie rode there and back with them, unless she stayed late and walked home, which she liked to do.

Ira Scott came in from the ranch a few times, and when he did he unloaded at Annie's and then came straight to our place. Ira would sit in the living room sometimes and talk to My John about cattle. Maggie would curl up in an armchair by the fire and knit. Sometimes they hardly spoke a word to each other the whole evening. Ira took Maggie sleigh riding, and then he asked her to go skiing up Eagle's Peak.

"Do you know how to ski, Maggie?" I asked. I wrapped up cold turkey sandwiches for them to take.

"Yes," said Maggie, "but don't tell Ira. I'm going to let him teach me." Her eyes twinkled.

Ira had everything packed on the sleigh when he came for Maggie. He stood in the front hall waiting while Maggie adjusted her blue cap and drew on her long mittens. He looked long and thin and a little lonely, watching Maggie when he

thought no one was watching him. I felt a brief pang of sympathy for Ira. Maybe he didn't always get just what he wanted.

"I'm sorry our skiing days are over," I said to My John while I watched Ira cover Maggie in the sleigh.

"I'm not," grunted My John comfortably, "and don't say, 'Isn't that just like a man'?" He smiled at me as I went by.

"I think I'll start my pre-Christmas cleaning," I said energetically.

IRA and Maggie went out and got our tree and set it up. The night before Christmas Eve Ira came and they both trimmed it. Ira had moved into Annie's for the holidays. We had all gone to the schoolhouse for a Christmas program and party a few nights before Christmas Eve. We always went to the church for Christmas Eve. Maggie's stepmother had sent her a beautiful blue dress of the softest wool I'd ever seen, all trimmed in tiny silver buckles and a box of silver jewelry to go with it. I had crocheted Maggie a lace tablecloth, which I planned on slipping under the tree after everyone set out for the church.

The people were already singing Christmas carols when I reached the church.

"Who's the Santa Claus?" I whispered to Annie when the jingling of bells announced the arrival from the North Pole.

"It's Ira," whispered Annie. "I know, you're as surprised as I am."

I was too surprised to say anything. But he did his part well, laughing, calling out the names, his voice going a little lower when he called Maggie's. None of the children guessed him, and when he came back later in his own clothes it seemed natural for him to be coming late. He and Maggie came over and sat by us.

We ate popcorn balls and listened to the Christmas program. Maggie played the piano for the singing and then played a solo. When she finished, she came back and sat beside Ira. They smiled at each other, leaving all the room behind. I reached over and took My John's hand. He was so startled, he jumped.

We opened the presents after we got back from church. Maggie gave John a white nylon shirt and me a flannel nightgown with matching slippers and robe. I was so pleased all I could do was blush.

Maggie opened the tablecloth and admired it. She tried it out on my table, and then sat holding it. "It's very beautiful," she said. "I love it because you made it, actually made it." She exclaimed so over things we made with our hands. As if that was one of the secrets for happiness she was just discovering.

I brought in the candy Maggie and I had made together for Christmas, and My John passed the nuts and fruit.

"This is a holiday," Maggie said, "I won't knit tonight."

Ira fixed the fire until the flames roared in the chimney.

"Will you play the piano again, Maggie?" Ira asked.

So Maggie put on her coat and opened the door into the little chilly parlor. She and Ira opened the

piano, and Maggie played from *Peer Gynt*; then she played some Beethoven and Bach, and it all sounded exactly right. My John began to yawn, while I began to doze. It was a few minutes before I could make myself come awake enough to realize the music had stopped. I turned my head toward the parlor. Maggie was standing by the piano, and Ira, Ira was standing by Maggie cradling her head in his hands, holding her face as if he would never stop looking.

It couldn't have been as long as it seemed for me to force myself to drop my head without a sound. They tiptoed out of the parlor, and I heard them saying good night in the front hall. Maggie shut the door, and then she just stayed standing there. I got up and went into the parlor and closed down the piano. I shut the parlor door behind me. My John slept peacefully in his chair. I moved into the hall where Maggie still stood.

"Maggie," I said, "Ira's not had much of a happy life. I guess he's missed most of the joys, but, nevertheless, there's no good reason for you to want to break someone like Charlie's heart for a life that can't help but be lonely and maybe hard. Ira's older and harder and not likely to change very much from what he's been. People have to keep changing all the time when they're married . . . they have to . . . ."

Maggie looked up at me then with eyes so bright that the words faltered on my lips. I didn't know what I was trying to tell her anyway.

"You mean," asked Maggie, "it might be harder with Ira?"

"Yes, I guess so," I said.

"I don't want it easy," Maggie said fiercely. "I want it real. I want it to be the realest thing that has ever happened to me. If there's any meaning in my life, I'll find it through Ira . . . ."

My John stood in the doorway. "Well, who's making all the speeches? When are we going to get to congratulate you and Ira, Maggie?"

Maggie smiled gently. "Now," she said. She held out her hand to us, and I saw the flash of a diamond. "Ira and I are going to be married in the spring."

My eyes began to mist as I kissed her, but hers were bright and so happy I felt a catch in my heart.

(To be continued)

Easter Morning

Eunice J. Miles

The darkened hope, the hidden glory,
Stand revealed on Easter morn,
When human limitations vanish,
And consciousness of soul is born.
Then Christ reveals himself to men,
And hope eternal dawns again.

SARAH ANN PREECE AND HER HOBBIES

Two Hobbies—Music and Needlecraft

Sarah Ann Boice Ames Preece Serves Her Church and Community and Makes Her Friends and Relatives Happy

Sarah Ann Boice Ames Preece, of Richmond, Utah, eighty-three years old, is a musician and a homemaker who uses her time and talents for service to others. She plays the piano, violin, and banjo, and sings beautifully, even at her advanced age. For family reunions, Relief Society socials, Family Hours, and community entertainments Mrs. Preece is in great demand. Her favorite tunes are: "Haste to the Wedding"; "Rock Creek"; "The Love Waltz"; and "The Waltz You Saved For Me." She has played the music for many dances, and, in December 1951, she and two of her daughters furnished the music for a dance in Richmond.

In addition to her musical talents, Mrs. Preece is an excellent reader and elocutionist, being particularly expert in presenting humorous recitations. She is also an excellent needlewoman and makes fancy quilts, knitted capes, stoles, and shawls. She crochets doilies of many intricate patterns and makes colorful crocheted rugs. Her homemade bread is famous in her community, and her recipes are treasured by many friends and relatives.

Of pioneer heritage, Mrs. Preece is the daughter of the first couple ever married in Oxford, Idaho, and her grandmother was the first woman of her handcart company to enter the Salt Lake Valley. A widow, she had requested permission from the company captain to begin her journey each morning a little earlier than the others, as she had so many young children to push in the handcart. Thus she was the first to be greeted by the scouts whom Brigham Young had sent out to meet the company, and they escorted the young widow into the Valley. Mrs. Preece is the mother of nine children, and she has 220 descendants.

Low-Cost Meat and Other Protein Dishes

Elna Miller

Extension Nutritionist, Utah State Agricultural College Extension Service

Received Through the Utah Nutrition Council

YOUR family needs foods which are high in proteins to build and repair the soft tissues of their bodies. The soft tissues include blood and muscles. Along with the good quality protein foods, you need those which are high in minerals and vitamins to help with the building and regulating of strong, healthy bodies. You also need foods which provide the calories for your daily energy needs.

We find our best quality proteins in animal foods. Milk, cheese, eggs, lean meat, including liver and other organs, as well as fish and poultry, are high in the best quality proteins.

Soy beans and other dried beans, peas, and lentils, whole wheat and wheat germ, peanuts and peanut butter, are our best plant sources of good proteins. These foods may be used to supplement the higher quality proteins from animal foods, but not to replace them.

Children and expectant and nursing mothers get along best when three-fourths of their protein supply comes from animal foods and the other one-fourth from plant food. Other adults may be well nourished with half their protein supply from plant sources and half from animal foods.

Recent research in nutrition proves that our bodies function best when the protein supply is divided equally among the three meals. This newer research shows also that we make much better use of the proteins from plant foods when they are eaten at the same meal with proteins from animal foods, even though the amount of the animal protein food is small. A glass of milk taken with a peanut butter sandwich will improve the quality of the proteins in the peanut butter.

Variety meats such as liver, kidneys, heart, and tongue are usually much less expensive than are the muscle meats. They also are high in proteins as well as in minerals and vitamins.

Variety Meat Recipes

Liver Loaf

(Use beef, pork, lamb, or veal liver)

1 ½	lbs. liver	1	tsp. salt
2	slices bacon	1	c. cracker crumbs
1	medium onion	1 ½	c. liquid
2	eggs	½	c. catsup

Cook liver slowly five minutes in water to cover. Save the liquid. Put liver through food chopper with bacon and onions. Add all other ingredients except the catsup. Tomato juice, milk, bouillon or liquid in which the liver was cooked may be used for moisture. Mix thoroughly. Pour the catsup into a well-oiled loaf pan. Pack meat mixture over catsup. Bake in a moderate oven (350°F.) for 1 hour. Serves 8.

Spiced Tongue Slices

- 2 bay leaves
- 12 whole peppers
- 2 c. sugar
- 2 c. vinegar
- 2 c. water
- 1 beef tongue
- water to cover
- 2 tbsp. salt
- 3 pieces celery
- 12 whole cloves
- 6 small onions, thinly sliced

Wash tongue. Cover with salted water. Add the celery and spices. Cook slowly until tender, about one hour per pound. Skin and slice. Cook sugar, vinegar, and 2 cups water 10 minutes. Pour over tongue. Add onions. Store in cool place and use as desired. Serves 8.

Tongue Shortcake

Place slices of leftover tongue on pieces of split hot corn bread and top with hot condensed mushrooms or tomato soup.

Heart Fricassee
(Use beef, pork, or veal heart)

- 1 small beef heart, 3 pork hearts, or 2 veal hearts
- flour
- ¼ c. bacon drippings or lard
- 2 tsp. salt
- ½ c. sliced onion
- 1 c. diced carrots
- 1 c. canned tomatoes

Wash the heart and trim off hard parts, if necessary. Slice across grain. Dredge in flour and brown in bacon drippings. Season. Add onion and brown. Add carrots and tomatoes and cover tightly. Simmer about 1½ to 2½ hours, or until tender. Serves 6 to 8.

Recipes for Dried Beans, Peas, and Lentils

The "bean family" recipes which follow are made with the addition of a small amount of lean meat, eggs, milk, or cheese. This small addition of protein foods from animal sources makes the proteins from the dried beans, peas, or lentils much more valuable. Dried peas or lentils may be used in place of dried beans in any of the following recipes.

Cook the dried beans or dried peas this way:

Look over the beans or peas and wash carefully. Cover 2 cups of dried beans or peas with one quart of cold water, and soak overnight or 5 or 6 hours in lukewarm water.

When ready to cook, add a teaspoon of salt and simmer slowly in the soaking water, in a covered pan, until the beans are tender but not broken. Add more water during the cooking, if necessary. You can add flavor by cooking beans with salt pork, sausage, bacon, or a ham bone.

Beans With Frankfurters

Cut frankfurters in half lengthwise and arrange on top of cooked beans in a shallow baking dish. Bake in a moderate oven until the frankfurters are hot.

Bean Sausages

Mash 3 cups of cooked beans; mix well with ½ cup of bread crumbs, 2 beaten eggs, 1 teaspoon of sage, if desired, and salt and pepper to taste. Moisten with milk or bean liquid. Shape into the form of sausages, dip in raw egg beaten with a little water, then roll in bread crumbs. Brown in a little melted fat.

Dried Pea, Bean, or Lentil Soup

Wash one cup of dried beans or dried peas, or lentils, and soak overnight in 1 quart of water. In the morning, add a quart of water, ¼ pound of salt pork, an onion, and a few stalks of celery, if desired. Simmer until the beans, peas, or lentils are tender. Remove the salt pork and rub the rest through a strainer if you want a smooth soup. Cut the salt pork into tiny pieces. Add 1 tablespoon of flour mixed well with a little water to keep the bean pulp from settling to the bottom. Add 1 cup chopped, cooked ham, or other meat or hard cooked eggs. Stir, reheat, and season as desired.

Bean Chowder

1	c. dry beans	2	tsp. salt
1½	quarts cold water	2	tbsp. uncooked cracked wheat
1	c. diced carrots		or 1 tbsp. flour
1	c. tomatoes	2	c. milk
½	c. shredded green pepper	1	onion, chopped fine

Wash the beans; add the cold water and soak overnight. Cook in a covered pan until the beans begin to soften, then add the vegetables and continue to cook until tender. Add salt and cracked wheat or flour mixed with a little cold water. Stir. Cook about 30 minutes. Add milk. Heat to the boiling point and serve.

Beans With Cheese Sauce

(Any kind of cooked beans are delicious served with this cheese sauce.)

Cheese Sauce:

3	tbsp. butter	1	c. finely cut cheese
3	tbsp. flour	2	c. milk
¼	tsp. salt		

Melt the butter, add the flour and the salt. When these are blended, add the milk gradually, stirring constantly to prevent lumping. When the mixture is thickened, stir in the cheese, and put the mixture over hot water until the cheese is melted.

If a stronger cheese taste is desired, add a few grains of cayenne pepper, which will emphasize the cheese flavor. Serve hot on the hot beans.

Note: Free information on nutrition and diets for the family can be obtained from the Utah State Health Department, State Capitol, Salt Lake City; Department of Nutrition, University of Utah, Salt Lake City; and Extension Service, Utah State Agricultural College, Logan, Utah.

* * * *

Milk Is Important

Milk supplies the chief source of calcium to the average-age diet. This amounts to about ¾ of the total calcium in our national dietary.

In addition to the calcium, milk accounts for nearly half the riboflavin (B_2), one-fourth the protein, and important amounts of several other nutrients.

Milk is the most economical food source of calcium and is an economical source of protein and riboflavin.—Utah State Department of Health

Uncertain Possession

Chapter 4

Beatrice R. Parsons

Synopsis: Lorna Ashton, an orphan, marries Dr. Matthew Wire and goes to live in Westfield, Nevada. She is afraid that Matthew's relatives and friends, and even his patients, will continue to mean so much to him that he will never belong wholly to her. Soon, however, Lorna finds that she is making a place for herself in the affections of Uncle John, Nurse Hallie, and Carole, a little neighbor girl. One night she goes with her husband and Nurse Hallie to the Honson home and takes care of the older children during the birth of twins, and this experience impresses her so that she feels that there is much for her to do in Westfield, and that by making herself useful she may increase her own happiness.

AFTER the night when the Honson twins were born, Lorna strove valiantly to rid herself of her childish terror of being left alone. She wanted to make Matt happy. She wanted to make him a good wife. But there was so much for her to learn!

He took her with him on long drives about the valley. He introduced her to his friends. She met Carole's parents, the Wilsons, who lived across the street.

Anne Clayton, a pretty girl with sparkling blue eyes and shining blond hair, and Jeanne Beatty, a school teacher with brown hair and blue eyes, were friends of Matt. They invited Lorna to shop with them, but her innate shyness compelled her to refuse, although Matt urged her lightly to accompany them.

"I will, one of these days," she promised vaguely, and saw that Anne and Jeanne considered her a little standoffish. She had also promised Matt that she would call on Margaret, but somehow she never got around to doing so.

When she and Matt met old Jim Nason in the hardware store, the old man stared at her curiously, and with his usual bluntness, he exclaimed: "Pretty gal! Hope she's got brains as well as looks."

After he had gone, Lorna was flushed and a little angry. Her voice was crisp. "He's quite a character, Matt! I certainly don't like him. . . ."

But Matt said gently: "Jim's my oldest friend. He used to carry me pickaback when I was two. He took me fishing when I was six . . . ."

Lorna's laughter interrupted him. "I didn't think he was a human being! Well, if he was kind to you when you were little, he's certainly outgrown it!"

Matt laughed, too, but kept denying that Jim was as bad as he seemed on the surface. But Lorna squashed all his arguments, by declaring that Jim couldn't have much milk-of-human-kindness, since he wouldn't give that hospital to the valley.

"A statue of himself in the middle of Sky Valley," she cried scathingly. "Who would care what happened to such a grouchy, ugly old man?"

"I would," said Matt firmly, opening the door, and Lorna was

curiously surprised that he meant it. She brushed the matter aside and said she wanted to buy some blue thread. She was going to dress a doll for Matt's little polio patient, Patty Hamilton. She was going to use the scraps of blue net from her party frock.

The frock still hung carefully in her clothes closet, waiting the night when she and Matt woud go dancing. But, she sighed, remembering how little time Matt ever had to himself.

The sign on his office said: "10 to 5." More often than not he worked from eight to nine, or even midnight. Many times, Lorna's dinner, neatly arranged in her shining little pots and pans, grew cold and unappetizing on her gas range. Then her gray eyes would meet Matt's accusingly when he came in.

ONCE she said exasperatedly, "Matt, I'm sure I'll never get used to it! Dinner's spoiled. I did want it to be nice." She put a pink bowl of shriveled potatoes on the table, and exclaimed, "Matt, if you were at Doctors' Center you'd always be home on time!"

He sighed tiredly as he washed his hands. "I had to drive over to John Barker's. He crushed his foot with his plow . . . ."

She was immediately sympathetic. "Matt, is he going to be all right?"

He patted her arm as he sat down. "Darling, you've got to get over the idea that everyone who gets hurt is going to die!" His voice was teasing, and reassuring at the same time. "He'll be laid up for a while. And Helen will be scolding and impatient about it, probably feel that she's terribly hard-done-by! But John will be all right. Hallie can drop over and dress his foot." He stopped talking suddenly, as she began filling his plate, then jumped up, saying: "I forgot! There's something I must tell Uncle John. . . ."

"Matt!" Her cry stopped him with his hand on the doorknob. She had been so happy to have him home. Now he was running off again. Her disappointment showed in her face. But she set his plate in the oven, as she saw him looking at her, and said, "All right, darling. I guess I'll never really make a good doctor's wife."

His dark eyes caressed her, though he did not touch her. His voice was gentle, tender. "There's nothing so very special in being a doctor's wife, Lorna. But there is something very special about being understanding, kind. You're growing that way, my dear. Just what this doctor ordered! He loves you very much. It's nice for him to come home and find you here."

Her heart was stirred so that she wanted to go to him, put her arms about him, hold him close. Yet she seemed to know that this was not the time. She laughed teasingly. "You're sure the doctor isn't sorry that he doesn't find a Westfield girl waiting for him. Anne, perhaps? Or Jeanne, maybe? Or . . ." with an intenseness she didn't realize, "or Margaret?"

"They're my friends. I think a lot of them. But I love you. And you're getting to be a wonderful person. You're learning not to neglect my telephone calls, or mes-

sages from my patients. You're learning . . . ."

He didn't finish. His eyes had caught sight of the two little china kittens on her dressing table, through the opened door, and his mouth closed firmly. It became a little stern as he opened the door, promising to come back in a few minutes.

LORNA forgot her little pots and pans as she stared at the kittens. She knew what Matt had not said. So far, she hadn't been able to bring herself to give Carole the kittens. Her face was set. She needed her cats. Times like this, she needed them so badly. They comforted her, reminding her that she couldn't be thoroughly lonely and alone while she had them.

While she waited for Matt to come back, she picked up the doll dress she was making for Patty Hamilton's doll.

When Matt came back, his shoulders were damp with the first, sudden drops of desert rain. Lorna had never known that a storm could come up so suddenly. Just a moment before she had sat down to sew, the thunderheads in the west had seemed distant and far away. But now, as Matt opened the door, they were overhead, and splashing rain over the garden in a burst of water that amazed her.

As they ate their late dinner, she watched the storm, and teased Matt a little.

"When we came here, darling, you said it seldom rained. You sounded like the Chamber of Commerce, telling me that cabin and motel owners always gave the tourists back their money when the sun didn't shine, or it rained. So . . ." she smiled teasingly, "they'll return all rents tonight."

Matt laughed and helped her wash up the dishes while the rain thundered and pounded at the roof, and beat the swaying fronds of tamarisk low against the white picket fence. Flashes of lightning made Lorna wince, and she was glad Matt was there beside her.

"I'm scared, Matt," she whispered, as she leaned in the circle of his arm, watching the storm. Though she could not see the river, nor the steel bridge across it, which she had wondered about when they first came, she was sure the river must be a rushing torrent and all travelers glad of the firm, strong bridge.

Matt was worried about some of the farms along the river's edge. Once he spoke uncertainly about Jim Nason. Lorna frowned.

"Quit worrying about that awful old man, Matt. He's lived by the river all his life."

"But he hasn't been past eighty all his life," objected Matt a little curtly. "And goodness knows what he'll take into his mind to do during this storm. If he goes down to the river to fix his sand bags, he might . . . ." The worry in his eyes deepened, and almost before Lorna realized it, he was getting into his long, tan raincoat, finding his hat, shading it over his eyes.

"Matt!" She was shocked to know he was going to leave her, going out into a terrible storm to look after an unimportant old man. "Matt, be sensible! Of course the

(*Continued on page 275*)

A New Life for Old Greeting Cards

Clara Laster

EVERY family has a number of old greeting cards, and there are always a few marked "special." These cards are lovely enough to hang upon a wall, but to hang them without the proper background does not seem fitting.

For instance, my daughter has received lovely birthday cards every year since her birth and she will not part with one of them. For years she wanted to hang them in groups upon the walls of her room.

Then, one day, a neighbor suggested a way to hang these greeting cards. The secret lay in purchasing plaster of Paris and making lovely wall plaques of them.

Materials Needed

You will need a dish the size and shape that you desire your plaques to be. I would suggest a platter or dinner plate. Buy a jar of white vaseline and several pounds of plaster of Paris, which can be bought from any lumber store. You will also need water, hooks, and coarse sandpaper.

If you cannot buy hooks, these can be made from wire or any non-rust material. Cut out the motif on the greeting card. Each scene or picture should be smooth and flat, with the edges well trimmed.

Procedure

Before beginning, have on hand a towel and a soft cloth. Grease the mold with a very thin coat of vaseline. Take the picture you have cut from the greeting card and soak it in water. Now measure as much dry plaster of Paris into a bowl as you judge the plaque will require.

Take the picture out of the water and place it face down on the bottom of mold. Be sure to center the picture properly. With the soft, dry cloth pat the picture gently

on the mold, making sure that there are no air bubbles under the picture or around the edges.

Now, mix the plaster of Paris with a little water to the consistency of whipping cream, or perhaps a little thicker. Stir this mixture until all lumps and air bubbles are removed. When this mixture is smooth, pour it into the mold to a thickness of one-half to three-fourths of an inch. Remember to work fast, as plaster hardens very quickly. Use the towel to make a padded surface. Drop the mold (plate) gently a few times on this padded surface until all bubbles come to the top and the plaster is evenly distributed. Put the hook in the center top of the plaque.

Let the plaque dry for about ten minutes, or until the plaster is hard. Then turn the mold upside down on the towel, and let it remain in this position until the bottom of the mold is quite warm.

When the bottom is warm, remove the plaque from the mold by dropping the mold very gently upside down on the towel. Now, take the plaque and smooth the edges with coarse sandpaper. Allow plaque about two days to harden. If you are in a hurry to hang it, however, it can be dried by placing it in the oven for about five minutes. The oven should be set at 350° and the plaque should be left in for five minutes. Then open the door and reduce the heat to 200° and continue to let the plaque dry for about thirty-five more minutes.

By taping ruffling or some chosen material to the back of the plaque, allowing the ruffle to extend out around the edges, you may use the finished plaque to help carry out the color scheme of a room. This method makes lovely and eye-catching plaques, and certainly gives new life to old greeting cards.

Better Looking Patches —Quicker

Thalia Black

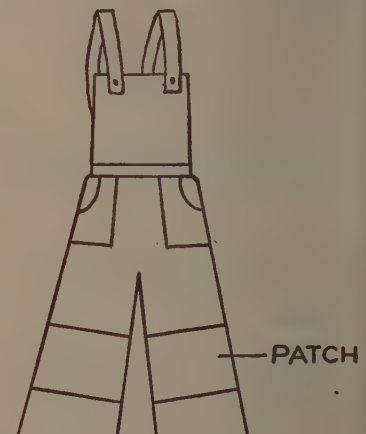
USE a razor blade to rip the outside seam of overalls, high enough to allow the knee to lie flat on the machine.

Cut a square patch large enough to cover the entire knee and several inches above and below the knee.

Sew in place.

Turn overalls wrong-side-out.

Sew outside seam.

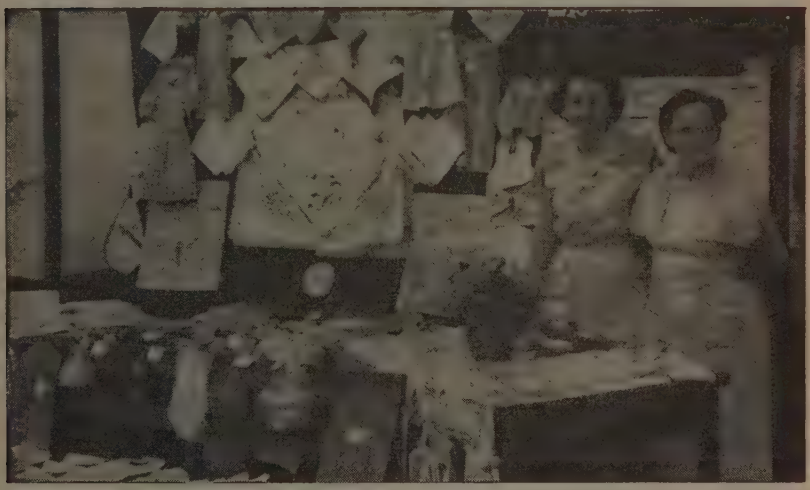


Notes From The Field

Margaret C. Pickering, General Secretary-Treasurer

All material submitted for publication in this department should be sent through stake and mission Relief Society presidents. See regulations governing the submittal of material for "Notes From the Field" in the *Magazine* for April 1950, page 278, and the *Handbook of Instructions*, page 123.

RELIEF SOCIETY ACTIVITIES



Photograph submitted by Afton K. Shreeve

URUGUAYAN MISSION, ASUNCION (PARAGUAY), CIUDAD NUEVA BRANCH RELIEF SOCIETY BAZAAR
October 27, 1951

Sister Afton K. Shreeve, President, Uruguayan Mission Relief Society, at left; Sister Klara Krisch, President, Ciudad Nueva Branch Relief Society, at right.

Sister Shreeve reports that a spirit of happiness and true sisterhood prevailed at this bazaar: "The first activity was a special meeting, which featured a lesson on nutrition offered by two missionaries, LaVon Evans and Mercel Day, and a special message by Sister Shreeve. Then, as visitors and friendly investigators began to arrive, the prepared articles were placed on display, and the bazaar began. Included among the almost innumerable variety of items, were fruit bags, aprons, tablecloths, and all kinds of kitchen and linen items, and even common durable wearing apparel. When we asked how so few faithful workers could possibly produce such an immense quantity of high quality articles, Sister Krisch answered that she assigned one article to each sister after every weekly meeting . . . . Such is the prevailing spirit when hands are few . . . . Food, in the form of a nearly complete supper was served . . . and the remaining trays were freely delivered among a small crowd of hungry children who had gathered outside."

Photograph submitted by Della H. Teeter

DENVER STAKE (COLORADO), CRESTMOOR WARD RELIEF SOCIETY SINGING MOTHERS WHO FURNISHED MUSIC FOR STAKE CONFERENCE, January 20, 1952

Front row, left to right: Rosamund Ramstrom; Maurine Humphris, Second Counselor; Gwendolyn Manning; Enid Sherman; Miriam Caldwell, Secretary-treasurer; Helen Phillips; Amelia Nilson, pianist.

Second row, left to right: Lelia Higginson, President; Mabel Harston; Mary Clifford; Ethel Rathbun; Buena Tillotson; Jean Anderson; Reva Cram.

Third row, left to right: Lois Trenham; Lydia Johanasen; Cleo Copen, First Counselor; Dorothea Slack, chorister.

Della H. Teeter is president of Denver Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Grace C. Crandall

KOLOB STAKE (UTAH), SPRINGVILLE FOURTH WARD RELIEF SOCIETY VISITING TEACHERS WHO HAVE MAINTAINED A 100 PER CENT RECORD FOR A PERIOD OF TWO AND A HALF YEARS

Front row, left to right: Maude Roylance; Esther Johnson, Secretary; Harriet Williams, First Counselor; Clara Sumsion, President; Chloris Kindred, Second Counselor; Ethel Weight; Cornelia Allen.

Second row, left to right: Irene Strong; Melva Harrison; Maraby Beardall; Cora Phillips; Wilomina Merrill; Ann Lewis; Marguerite Hales; Lura Patrick; Martha Gabbitis; Rhoda Huff; Reva Roylance.

Third row, left to right: Erma Ewell; Malinda Sumsion; Leah Harrison; Mary Gabbitis; Susie Steffins; Arvilla Gardner; Lillie Wheeler; Rose Roylance; Bessie Averett; Velma Roylance.

Fourth row, left to right: Pearl Hall; Anna Young; Lucile Carter; Florence Ecker; Ella Whiting; Catherine Russell; Sylvia Larsen; Afton Palfreyman; Kate Holley.

Grace C. Crandall is president of Kolob Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Leone R. Bowring

TEXAS-LOUISIANA MISSION, DALLAS (TEXAS) BRANCH RELIEF SOCIETY BAZAAR, November 17, 1951

Left to right: Edith Christensen, Secretary; Vanera Morris, First Counselor; Kathleen Whittaker, President; Maxine Bennett, Second Counselor.

This beautifully arranged bazaar included many crocheted and hand-embroidered articles, as well as a varied display of aprons. Women's dresses and children's clothing, blouses, skirts, and other articles added to the variety of items offered for sale.

Leone R. Bowring is president of the Texas-Louisiana Mission Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Alligee L. Anderson

JUAB STAKE (UTAH), NEPHI FIRST WARD RELIEF SOCIETY VISITING TEACHERS WHO HAVE ACHIEVED 100 PER CENT FOR TWO YEARS

Front row, seated, left to right: Naomi Belliston; Georgeinna Wilkey, a visiting teacher for thirty years; Lillian Painter, Rose Worthington, and Violet Bale, visiting teachers for thirty-five years; Kate Haynes, Second Counselor; Alligee L. Anderson, President; Pearl Jenkins, First Counselor; Ruby Cox, Secretary-treasurer; Lucille C. Lunt, Assistant Secretary-treasurer; Mary K. Lattimer.

Twelve teachers were absent when the picture was taken.

Lyle C. Pratt is president of Juab Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Nan Lindsay

UNON STAKE (OREGON) DISPLAY OF MODEL HOMES AT THE UNION COUNTY FAIR, September, 1951

Left to right: Union Stake Relief Society officers, Jessie Perry, Second Counselor; Nan Lindsay President; Argenta Salkield, First Counselor.

The house on the left was designed and furnished by members of the LaGrande First Ward Relief Society; the house on the right was constructed and furnished by Second Counselor Jessie Perry and work meeting leader Margaret Huber of the stake

board; and the house in the rear is the work of the Imbler and Elgin Ward Relief Societies.

The hundreds who viewed these houses were delighted with the perfection of detail in the harmoniously decorated interiors, which included handmade draperies, bedspreads, floor coverings, and furniture. The interiors were lighted and the homes landscaped.

Photograph submitted by Opal Broadbent

LYMAN STAKE (WYOMING), FARSON WARD RELIEF SOCIETY MEMBERS WITH THEIR CHILDREN ASSEMBLED FOR MEETING

Women seated in the front row, left to right: Sarah Pierce, First Counselor; Roberta Sorenson; Doris Wilson; Beverly Burton; Connie King.

Back row, standing, left to right: Lois Pritchett; Olive Jones; Donna Batt; Rosella Sellers, Second Counselor; Lenora Wright, President; Helen Sanderson; LaRue Jefferies.

Opal Broadbent is president of Lyman Stake Relief Society.

* * * *

Orchard Spring

Ing Smith

Blossom of apple, and blossom of plum
Drift on the still air together
Till brilliance of wings like an indigo cry
Breaks the languor of white lace weather.

A moment to hold in the hand like a shell—
A time of renewal, a time of farewell.

Our April Short Story Writers

Inez B. Bagnell, Kamas, Utah, author of "Father Was a Good Provider," page 229, is the wife of Kenneth H. Bagnell and mother of three children. In writing of her literary activities, Mrs. Bagnell says: My story "I Know Where You Are" appeared in *The Relief Society Magazine* in February 1950, and "We'll Always Remember" won second prize in the Relief Society Short Story Contest in 1951. I have had a few stories accepted by national publications. I love writing and hope, as the children grow older, to be able to spend more time at it. I wrote "Father Was a Good Provider" with one hand while stirring chili sauce with the other, as I never seem to have time to settle down to write. It is not a true story, however."

Mrs. Bagnell is literature class leader in her ward Relief Society and Sunday School chorister. Also she is a member of the Singing Mothers and plays regularly with an orchestra group.

Maryhale Woolsey has been introduced to readers of *The Relief Society Magazine* frequently for some twenty years, seldom, if ever, being introduced without a reference to "Springtime in the Rockies," her most famous lyrical composition. Author of poems, stories, articles, she is also librettist of several published operettas for children and young people. She is a former newspaper reporter and feature writer, and for years she was an advertising copy writer. Mrs. Woolsey is never long away from her typewriter or notebook. Her story, "The Long Day," page 219, grew out of an incident in her own childhood—"without, however," she says, "such prompt explanation as came to Edie for the cause of that lengthy summer day."

Mrs. Woolsey is the mother of four daughters and grandmother to four small boys and six little girls. Her home is in Salt Lake City.

Ora Pate Stewart, author of "A Frame for Happiness." page 237, a daughter of Ezra G. and Ada Sharp Pate, is the wife of Colonel Robert W. Stewart, now retired from the United States Air Force. In the eighteen years since she finished her mission to the Eastern States she has had seven children, published seven books, written numerous short stories and poems, and given thousands of program lectures. "I've never been invited to South Dakota," she says, "but it has been my privilege to give programs in every other state." The entire text of her latest book, *A Letter to My Son*, was recently read over the British Broadcasting System in fifteen-minute installments on their program "Women of America."

Mrs. Stewart now lives in Salt Lake City, where she is literature class leader in her ward Relief Society and is active in educational and community affairs.

* * * *

Broken Treasury

Margery S. Stewart

Never was world like this!
Never a spring falling down
From heaven in such flower falls,
In such spray of birds, blue and
Red-throated, splashing up from
The green pools of meadows.
Never such nights, with curved
Horn of moon spilling down music
Of star notes, melodies of clouds,
Viol music of shadows.
There is a torrent in it all,
As if the bars of heaven had broken
And spilled beauty intended
For a score of years.

Uncertain Possession

(*Continued from page 266*)

old man won't go out into the storm. He's probably snug and warm inside his house. I've seen his house. It's even more firm and strong than this one. He can't possibly come to any harm." With relief, she pointed to the telephone. "Ring him up, Matt, and as a physician, demand that he stay inside."

Matt, bending the brim of his gray felt hat more directly over his eyes, shook his head briefly.

"Can't phone. Jim never did take lightly to Bell's invention." He was trying to be quiet, casual, trying to make her smile. Yet she knew that his lightness was only a cover-up. He was actually worried about Jim Nason.

LORNA tugged at his arm as a flash of lightning brightened the room, blotting out the paleness of the electricity with its eerie whiteness. She blinked her eyes to see, and found them filled with frightened tears.

"Matt, you can't leave me. I'm frightened. I'll die if you leave me alone . . . ."

He cut into her cries with an abrupt anger. "Come along, then. You'll be safer in the car than anywhere. And you'll be with me!" His voice held cutting sarcasm, and little tenderness. He was annoyed with her childishness and didn't care if she realized it. He paused, saying shortly: "Are you coming?"

She was frightened to stay alone, yet she knew that Matt would be angry if she insisted on going. It

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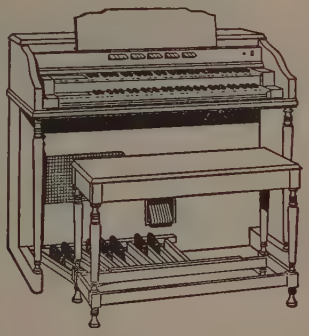

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with his gnarled, old one. His old face smiled into hers. "Yep, you love him! People been wonderin' about that. But I can tell 'em . . . ."

"You needn't," said Lorna quickly, but Jim paid no attention.

"I can tell 'em, too, that you'd stay on here in Westfield, if your husband could get himself a hospital. But . . . ."

"But, he can't," said Lorna harshly, and pushed her basket towards the check stand. She saw Jim staring after her. She knew she'd ruined Matt's last chance to ever get the hospital he dreamed about!

(*To be continued*)

* * * *

Identity

Pansye H. Powell

No aspen spills its minted gold
That he is not aware;
No sparrow's death is ever tolled
But he is listening there.
When breezes sigh or robins sing,
He hears no alien tongue;
He knows the joy rich colors bring
When April's flags are flung.
So much to hear, so much to see,
Yet God inhabits all.
His the mountain's majesty!
His the waterfall!

Dawn

Beatrice K. Ekman

Dawn, a gray moth, unfolds her wings,
And stars fade from the cobalt sky.
The moon's pale light no luster brings;
Across the fields long shadows lie.
No wind-breath in the blossomed trees
Nor blades of grass; the air is still.
The night has let the gray dawn pass
Without a sound above the hill.

The Family Hour

(Continued from page 228)

Refreshments of a pioneer nature will follow.

In these busy times, when there are so many things to do, it appears increasingly important that we find some relaxation with our children in the Family Hour. Although we have not yet attained what we have considered our objective in keeping an evening for this purpose, each week, we have held one, two, or more per month. We believe the Latter-day Saint family can greatly enrich filial relations by this type of program.

* * * *

April Is Here

Grace M. Candland

For now the rain is falling
And a fitful wind blows;
The fields are faintly greening
Beneath the winter snows.

Now I hear the meadow lark—
His clear and lilting trills,
The annual spring announcement
Echoing through the hills.

How can I measure my joy
When earth is new again,
And I may gather roses
Along the country lane?

The pleasant days of budding
And slow expanding leaf
Hold part of summer's glory
And autumn's golden sheaf.

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with his gnarled, old one. His old face smiled into hers. "Yep, you love him! People been wonderin' about that. But I can tell 'em . . . ."

"You needn't," said Lorna quickly, but Jim paid no attention.

"I can tell 'em, too, that you'd stay on here in Westfield, if your husband could get himself a hospital. But . . . ."

"But, he can't," said Lorna harshly, and pushed her basket towards the check stand. She saw Jim staring after her. She knew she'd ruined Matt's last chance to ever get the hospital he dreamed about!

(*To be continued*)

* * * *

Identity

Pansye H. Powell

No aspen spills its minted gold
That he is not aware;
No sparrow's death is ever tolled
But he is listening there.
When breezes sigh or robins sing,
He hears no alien tongue;
He knows the joy rich colors bring
When April's flags are flung.
So much to hear, so much to see,
Yet God inhabits all.
His the mountain's majesty!
His the waterfall!

Dawn

Beatrice K. Ekman

Dawn, a gray moth, unfolds her wings,
And stars fade from the cobalt sky.
The moon's pale light no luster brings;
Across the fields long shadows lie.
No wind-breath in the blossomed trees
Nor blades of grass; the air is still.
The night has let the gray dawn pass
Without a sound above the hill.

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From Near and Far

Sometime ago I was waiting to complete a long-distance telephone call in one of our larger cities. I noticed several of the office girls gathered together reading a magazine. As I knew several of the employees I asked what they were reading that was so interesting. I was informed that someone had come into the office to pay a bill and had left or forgotten her *Relief Society Magazine*, and they were all reading it and enjoying its contents. Sometime later I spent a week at the hospital and took along a dozen numbers of the *Magazine* to read while there. I read them all and enjoyed them. Too long I have considered *The Relief Society Magazine* as being for women of the household only. To me the articles by Brother Bowen on the Constitution of the United States (August, September, October, and November 1951) were especially timely, and the poetry, stories, and special articles are always enjoyable and instructive. I intend to continue reading *The Relief Society Magazine* and can heartily recommend it to the brethren of the Church.

—John O. Simonsen
Salt Lake City, Utah

May I express my appreciation for Blanche Kendall McKey's beautiful story "No Tears, Beloved" (second prize story, February 1952). Its pathos touched my heart and I wanted to put my arms around "Jeanette." It is a story I shall keep to read and read again.

—Sylvia Probst Young
Midvale, Utah

Words cannot express how much we enjoy *The Relief Society Magazine*. My fourteen-year-old daughter and I were patiently waiting for the conclusion of the serial "Through This Door," by Margery S. Stewart (January 1952). I always have to wait until my daughter reads all the stories, when it is my turn to read the *Magazine* from cover to cover. It is a wonderful *Magazine* to have in the home for all members of the family to read.

—Florence Burr Martin
Preston, Idaho

Let me say again how much the *Magazine* means to me. I once heard a stake Relief Society leader say that if we as mothers would read every page of our *Magazine* and seriously try to live up to its teachings we would be educated women, abreast with the times, and would know no senility of mind or spirit in our declining years. I have read every line of the February number. I must mention the fine article "Good Afternoon, My Lady" by Mirla Greenwood Thayne. I am having my daughters read this especially. It will help them in preparation for the twilight years as well as now. I love the talks and poems on the Lamanites. My sixteen-year-old daughter has just finished reading The Book of Mormon, and she was particularly interested in the Indian material presented in the February *Magazine*.

—Mabel Law Atkinson
Dayton, Idaho

The February *Magazine* is most attractive, and my poem "Vast Horizons Calling" (page 110) is proud to be placed under the beautiful mountain view. The cover, also, is beautiful, with its striking yucca illustration.

—Harriette Grace Eaton
Redlands, California

I am pleased that my story "A Frame for Happiness" has been chosen for the April special short story issue. The *Magazine* for April last year was particularly lovely. The *Magazine* does much to encourage more abundant living through good literature, and I am always pleased when something of mine is acceptable.

—Ora Pate Stewart
Salt Lake City, Utah

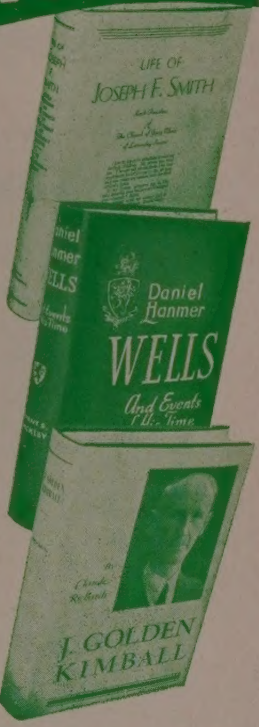
I do appreciate the opportunity to have my work published in *The Relief Society Magazine*. It is a wonderful *Magazine*, and the editors seem to have such a helpful attitude toward would-be-writers.

—Inez B. Bagnell
Kamas, Utah

For your April reading . . .

BIOGRAPHIES

of these church leaders



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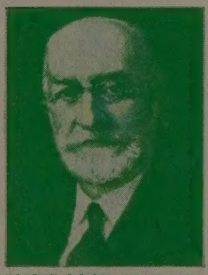

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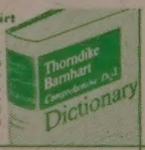

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